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H. Schmiechen & Co.

"MY PHOTO."

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. SCHMIECHEN, BELONGING TO THE PHOTOGRAPHIC UNION, MUNICH.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Presumably the pretty little entertainment-hall at the top of Regent-street may be termed a playhouse. It is the fashion, of course, in polite circles to dissociate German Reed's from the contamination of the theatre; but, for all that, they enact there very pretty little plays, with compact story, charming music, and scenery that for effect and completeness would do credit to any theatre in London. Mr. T. Malcolm Watson has before now proved that he possesses a neat skill in arranging the libretto that will fit the talent of the company and inspire the melody of the composer. Perhaps his last book, "Tally Ho!" is not on the whole so spontaneous as usual, the story is not so pleasantly involved, and the incidents not quite so provocative of laughter; but the lyrics are admirably written, with taste and polish. Mr. Reed has the advantage of securing an excellent character, that of an illiterate fox-hunting squire, and Mr. Caldecott has certainly never before written such delightful and interesting music. The play is not wholly the thing at German Reed's. If, occasionally, the story drags a bit, it comes the musician to help the author; and the trio in "Tally Ho!" that contains a love duet and a suggestion of an anvil accompaniment by a sympathetic blacksmith, is worth a journey to St. George's Hall to hear that number alone.

No actor has improved so much in the course of a few years of hard work and steady practice as Mr. Alfred Reed. If he were in a regular theatre, he would be found in one of our best comedy companies. The cheery old fox-hunting squire is an excellent sketch of manners—clever, natural, and always unexaggerated; and he finds welcome support from Miss Fanny Holland, an earnest and sympathetic actress, who never allows the performance to flag for want of spirit and enthusiasm. Her hunting-song is not only well sung, but well acted; and it is difficult to believe that Miss Holland is not a Diana of the hunting-field as devoted as Lady Gay Spanker herself, so admirably does she give a "view holloa." She rouses the enthusiasm of her audience, and aids greatly in the success of the little play, that, as it stands, is neat, simple, and attractive. A pretty, clear soprano, with bell-like voice and an excellent idea of acting, has been secured in Miss Kate Tully, who is certainly an acquisition to the little company. The tenor and the baritone, at present, sing far better than they act; but here, as elsewhere, "practice makes perfect," and in a short time the new faces at German Reed's will be as popular as the old.

Mr. Corney Grain thoroughly understands his audience. They like nothing better than laughing at their own foibles and eccentricities. The suburban resident, with his punctual habits and methodical ways, who catches his early train in the morning, and comes down at night with a "bit of fish" in a rush-basket, never detects himself under the cover of Mr. Grain's pleasant satire. Oh! dear no! It is his neighbour next door. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tonkyn never imagines she is being described as the hostess who snubs her intimates, and presides at dull afternoon teas. She laughs and chuckles over the discomfiture of Mrs. Somebody-else round the corner. So the entertainer plays one off against the other, and gets laughter and applause all round. Mr. Grain's latest holiday sketch descriptive of suburban life is one of the best and most cynical of the series. His new nursery rhymes for society are admirable, and no one will laugh at them more than the men and women in the society that is satirised.

The first period of M. Mayer's management of French Plays is over. M. Coquelin has gone, and is succeeded by Madame Chaumont, who was once so quaint, impudent, and irresistible at the Variétés, with Dupuis, and with little fat Daubray at the Palais Royal. Before Coquelin bade us farewell, he produced, according to promise, a neat, amusing, and well-written *comédie de salon*, written by an English lady, Mrs. Hugh Bell. It is called "L'Indécis," and the undecided man will be popular in many a drawing-room. The sketch is slight, but the notion is wittily carried out, and there is no comedy style so finished or admirable as that of M. Coquelin. He is not a romantic actor and never will be. The limit of his power was shown in "L'Ainé"; the impossibility of its extension in "La Juif Polonais." But whenever he succeeded and whenever he failed he gave earnest playgoers a delightful fortnight, and it was pleasant to sit in a theatre once more when the whole audience was in sympathy and in touch with the artist and did not come to growl, to grumble, to cat-call or to hiss. The best efforts of our English artists are often paralysed by the spirit of opposition in the audience. Artists can no more act in an unsympathetic atmosphere than can policemen do their duty when they are hampered and harassed by an opposing crowd. What a pity it is that there is so little loyalty in the age! The old doctrine that "fair play is a jewel" seems to be dying out. At any rate, it wants reviving in the theatre when artists try to do their best but are systematically discouraged.

Pereunt et imputantur, as the motto says on the old sun-dials. Who could believe that ten years have passed since we all first heard "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Opera Comique, and the foundation-stone was laid of the profitable partnership between Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan? The time has come round for a revival of this delightful work, and it cannot be said that, in this instance, "the ship has been spoiled for a ha'porth of tar." A more magnificent stage set has never been seen in a theatre than the deck of the man-of-war; and when the yards are manned by real tars great is the enthusiasm. Such favourites as Mr. Grossmith, Mr. Rutland Barrington, and Mr. Temple are all at their old posts, and the most satisfactory of the new comers are Miss Ulmar and Mr. Robertson. Some regret has been expressed that the opera has not been edited and revised up to date, with new dialogue, fresh chaff, and additional songs. But, in that case, it would not have been a revival of the Pinafore, and what would the public have done without the time-honoured jokes, such as "Hardly Ever." The Savoy has once more got a brilliant success.

The first of a series of evening lectures on Raphael Sanzio was given at Steinway Hall by Mr. T. Matesdorf on Nov. 16.

Mr. Charles Turner Simpson, of the Chancery Bar, and Mr. James Douglas Walker, of the South-Eastern Circuit, have been elected Benches of Lincoln's-inn.

Mr. John L. Child, well known as an able reciter, gave at Steinway Hall on Nov. 15 the first of his annual series of four dramatic and miscellaneous recitals. He was assisted by artists of note.

The election of the Lord Rector of Aberdeen University took place on Nov. 12. Mr. Goschen and Mr. John Morley being the candidates. The former was successful, securing 455 votes, and the latter 314.

Mr. Arthur Ackermann, of 191, Regent-street, has received a consignment of Messrs. L. Prang and Co.'s charming Christmas and New-Year cards, of which he is the sole publisher in England.—Messrs. John Walker and Co., of Farringdon House, Warwick-lane, have sent us a few specimens of their Christmas and New-Year booklets, intended as substitutes for cards of the season, which purpose they admirably serve.

CONCERNING GENTLEMEN.

The definition of the word "gentleman" seems to have sorely puzzled commentators ever since the introduction of the term under the Teutonic Emperor of Rome. The word is more than ever difficult to define now-a-days, when everyone lays claim to the title, and when even the commonest consider themselves gentlemen on Sundays and Bank Holidays. "What a gentleman is," says Selden, in his "Table-Talk," "is hard for us to define; in other countries he is known by his privileges; in Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one; in the Court of Honour, he that has arms. The King cannot make a gentleman of blood; but he can make a gentleman by creation. If you ask which is the better of the two? Civilly, the gentleman of blood; morally, the gentleman of creation may be better, for the other may be a debauched man, this a gentleman of worth." In the Middle Ages the heralds were much more exact in setting forth the qualifications of a gentleman, though perhaps they were more certain of what he ought to be than of what he was. An old herald lays down the following qualifications for a gentleman:—1. A good constitution; 2. A handsome person; 3. A bold aspect; 4. Sobriety and discretion; 5. Obedience to command; 6. Vigilance and patience; 7. Faith and loyalty; 8. Constancy and resolution; 9. Charity; 10. Good-fortune." This is very well; but a still older authority establishes nine articles of *gentilnes*—five of them amorous, and five sovereign; and also lays down that there are "nyne maner of Gentylmen," of which the most remarkable is the gentleman by "kyllyng a Saryson"—an act which appears to have been so laudable in itself that the mere fact of having slaughtered a Turk was sufficient to confer a patent of gentility upon any man.

One of the earliest gentlemen recognised by the mediæval heralds was the Archangel Lucifer, who was a gentleman by coat armour, but who forfeited his gentility and became a churl, with all his companions, on being cast out of heaven. Adam, it is gravely recorded, was the first nobleman; and Olibion, Japhet's descendant, the first knight. The sons of Adam did not inherit their father's patent of nobility, because it was forfeited and lost at the Fall; and there appears to have been some doubt in the minds of the heralds concerning Cain, until he finally became a churl—he and all his descendants after him—by the death of Abel. For a brother to slay his brother, contrary to law, where might be more *ungentilness*? Concerning Abel, however, there was no doubt; and even as late as the year of grace 1719 it was solemnly set forth that "Abel, the second son of Adam, bore his father's coat, quartered with that of his mother Eve, she being an heiress—viz., gules and argent." Seth was made a gentleman by his father's and mother's blessing, and therefore his descendant Noah was a gentleman by "kind." Of Noah's three sons, Shem and Japhet were gentlemen, but Ham was a "proper churl"; and so these daring heralds went through all ancient history, and apportioned to each personage his dignity, and even, in particular cases, his coat armour.

Perhaps the simplest definition of "gentleman" now-a-days is "one who is able to live without manual labour"; but then it becomes necessary to define "manual labour," for tradesmen and all above the rank of artisan or labourer seem to fancy they have a claim to the title, and gentleman includes everybody from the King to the counter-jumper. At one time the word was used to denote the lesser orders of nobility, or rather those just inferior to the nobles; and yet the lesser title must include the greater, as a nobleman would strongly resent being told that he was not a gentleman. Even in the time of Francis I. of France the universality of the title seems to have been recognised, for that King habitually strengthened his statements by adding, "Foi de gentilhomme," and so far was this recognised as the strongest asseveration he could make, that when one day he used "Foi de Roi" to one of his courtiers, the nobleman appeared incredulous until the King added "Foi de gentilhomme," when he was perfectly satisfied that the King's word was to be believed. So if the gentleman is in position and rank inferior to the noble, he has the consolation of knowing that even the Sovereign may be prouder of being a gentleman than of being a king.

But although nearly everyone insists on being called a gentleman, he resents being written down as one, and, whether he has a right to the title or not, expects to be addressed as "esquire." When greater attention was paid to the intricacies of titles and dignities than is the case at present, those below the rank of esquire were addressed as "gent"; but this term after a name seems to have been long ago held to be a sort of degradation, for both the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* pour out the vials of their sarcasm on the "populus armigerorum," or nation of esquires; and complain that of all the letters addressed to any office in the kingdom, you would not find three letters addressed to any but esquires, and that all who ride mad after foxes or halloo when they see a hare, consider that they have acquired a title to the more honourable appellation. Naturally, that which has no definite boundaries is invaded by everybody. Any man can proclaim himself a gentleman, and then—

An herald
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old
To be descended of a race
Of ancient Kings, in a small space.

And—

For a piece of coin
Twist any name into the line.

But it matters little what a man calls himself; there are certain indefinable characteristics of the true gentleman which cannot be better expressed than in the quaint English of the old chronicler, and by which the real is known from the false, the genuine from the sham. A true gentleman, then, should be "lordeli of countenawnce, treteable in language, wyse in awnse, perfite in governawnce, cherefull to faythfulness, boxom to Goddis bydding, knowyng his own birth in beryng, and to drede his soverayn to offend." With this table of qualifications at his command, every man can judge for himself whether he be a true gentleman or no.

But, however great may be the pretensions of a gentleman in civilised Europe, his claims to consideration have not always been acknowledged in the East. Some travellers in Russia at the beginning of the century, being Englishmen of fortune and birth, were received by the officials in Russia as English milords, and most hospitably treated, as became their station in life. But their native modesty prompted them to confess that they were not Lords, but simple gentlemen, and had neither titles nor official rank, and, in consequence, they were immediately treated as people of no importance at all, and every lieutenant and police commissary was given precedence over them; the Russian mind not being able to grasp the fact that a man could be a gentleman and a man of position and yet not bear a title, nor so much as hold a petty office under the Government. In excuse for the Russians it may be hazarded that though these gentlemen were sufficiently "lordeli of countenawnce" to be mistaken for milords, yet they were not so "wyse in awnse" as to be able to overawe the bureaucratic spirit which was the breath of life to their hosts. Still, they must have been "perfite in governawnce" and "cherefull to faythfulness," for they do not seem to have violently resented this ill-treatment.—J. W. P.

THE COURT.

The Queen attended Divine service on Sunday morning, Nov. 13, at the parish church at Crathie. The Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, officiated. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh and Major-General Sir John McNeill were in attendance on her Majesty. In the afternoon the Queen went out, attended by the Hon. Ethel Cadogan. The Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen. We understand that the christening of the infant daughter of Princess Beatrice will take place on Wednesday, Nov. 23, at Balmoral; and her Majesty and Court, according to present arrangements, are to leave Balmoral the day after for Windsor Castle.

The old colours of the 1st battalion of the Norfolk Regiment having been presented to the Prince of Wales by Colonel Massy and the officers of the regiment, his Royal Highness was present on Saturday morning, Nov. 12, at the "laying up" of the colours in Sandringham church. His Highness the Maharajah of Cooch Behar has terminated his visit to the Prince. The Prince received at Marlborough House on Nov. 14, General Raines, Captain Vyvyan, Lieutenant Vickerman, and four non-commissioned officers of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), and accepted, on behalf of Prince Albert Victor, the old colours of the 2nd battalion of the regiment. Colonel Ellis was in attendance. The new colours were presented to the battalion by Prince Albert at Dover in August, 1886. Prince George of Wales has been again appointed to H.M.S. Dreadnought, which is to be recommissioned.

The Duke and Duchess of Montrose took their departure on Nov. 10 for Bombay. The Duke and Duchess intend to pass the winter in India, and for some weeks will be the guests of the Viceroy and Countess of Dufferin.

Her Majesty has conferred a baronetcy on Mr. Henry Stafford Northcote, M.P., younger brother of the present Earl of Iddesleigh. He will be styled Sir Stafford Northcote, as was his late father prior to his elevation to the Peerage.

THE RECESS.

On the grave question of the right of public meeting in Trafalgar-square, Mr. Gladstone has written an opportune letter to which no exception can be taken. This timely communication to the Bermondsey Gladstone Club is dated Hawarden Castle, November the Fourteenth. Mr. Gladstone reasonably reminded perfervid members of Parliament and hot-headed ringleaders of London working-men of the necessity of obeying the law. He explicitly said that, until a legal decision on the point has been arrived at, it appeared to him indisputable that it was "the duty of every citizen to refrain from all resistance to the decision of the Executive Government, which is clearly entitled to administer the laws according to what it may be advised is their true construction." It should be stated that Mr. Bradlaugh telegraphed from Hull, the same day, appealing to "London workmen to leave the right of meeting for decision in the Law Courts, and for vindication in the House of Commons when Parliament meets." It is sincerely to be hoped these sober counsels will prevail over the mischievous advice offered in other quarters: for a repetition of such deplorable scenes as took place last Sunday in the Strand and Seven Dials, and in Trafalgar-square on the occasion of the arrest of Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Burns, might be attended with the greatest danger.

The necessity of maintaining unimpaired the authority of the law, asserted with emphatic eloquence by Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day, formed the burden of Sir Michael Hicks Beach's speech at the Conservative dinner on Colston Day in Bristol. The right hon. Baronet's restoration to health was a source of congratulation. His approval of Mr. Balfour's Irish administration was unqualified. On the other hand, Mr. Henry Fowler, the principal speaker at the Liberal festive gathering in Bristol, as trenchantly opposed the Ministerial policy of "coercion," as he designated it, in Ireland. Mr. Fowler inveighed especially against the unhappily severe treatment of Mr. William O'Brien as a common felon in an Irish prison—a proceeding on the part of the Irish Executive greatly to be regretted. Mr. John Morley, cogently and cordially supporting the re-election of Mr. Buchanan for West Edinburgh, on the same date pungently condemned the Irish Government's degradation of Mr. O'Brien. In his habitually courteous and logical style, Mr. Morley also seized the opportunity of pointing out some home truths to the Marquis of Hartington and to Mr. John Bright, whose "Rest and Be Thankful" letter to Lord Kilmorley on the Irish Land Question has been one of the chief political missives of the week. Mr. Bright says, "I think Parliament has gone far enough. I am for moderation in this question."

The Liberal Unionists are keenly looking forward to the highly influential gathering which Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen are to address in Dublin on the Twenty-ninth of November. Oxford is as keenly anticipating the pleasure of the Prime Minister's visit.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Honourable and Rev. W. Talbot Rice, son of the late Lord Dynev, to Miss Marian Gurney, daughter of Mr. Edward Gurney, of Nutwood, Reigate, has been solemnised at Gatton church. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. She wore a costume of ivory duchesse satin draped with antique Spanish lace, the gift of the bridegroom's mother. There were seven bridesmaids—the Misses May and Louise Gurney, sisters of the bride, the Honourables Cecile, Alice, and Mary Rice, sisters of the bridegroom, Miss E. P. Buxton and Miss Agatha Gurney. They were attired in costumes of white corded silk, hats to match trimmed with brown velvet, and carried bouquets of bronze-coloured chrysanthemums. The Rev. Herbert Knox was the best man.

The marriage of Mr. Daniel Barton, British Consul at Geneva, with Victoria, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, has been celebrated in the Chapel Royal, Savoy. The service was fully choral. The bridegroom was accompanied by his relative, Lieutenant-General Lord Clarina, as best man; and there were five bridesmaids—Miss Helen Peel, sister of the bride; Miss Julia Peel (daughter of the Speaker), Miss Millicent Taylor (daughter of Lady Jane Taylor), and Miss Dorothy Stanley, cousins of the bride; and the Hon. Winifred Sturt. The wedding-presents comprised, from the Queen, godmother of the bride, a brooch in diamonds and enamel, representing the white and red roses of York and Lancaster, and a large photograph of her Majesty, framed in silver.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P., will, on Dec. 2, open the Redesdale Memorial Hall, which is being erected at Moreton-in-the-Marsh by Mr. Freeman Mitford, C.B., at an estimated cost of £10,000.

Bow Bells Annual for 1887-8 will be from the pen of Mr. George Augustus Sala, entitled "Right Round the World, and the Stories that I Found on it." It will contain much instructive and amusing matter.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday, Nov. 14.

Recent public events in France have presented a strange mixture of tragic and grotesque elements, and, finally, they have reached a crisis which might change into a revolution if only there were a man to take the initiative. Republican virtue now appears to be as much a myth as Republican disinterestedness. The Republic is corrupt. M. Floquet himself, from the Speaker's chair in the Chamber of Deputies, is obliged to confess that the tribunals of justice are not sufficiently protected against administrative influence. Furthermore, all departments are at loggerheads: the President of the Republic and his son-in-law are against the nation; the Chamber, divided against itself, is usurping the duties of the tribunals; the tribunals are at variance with the Prefecture of Police; half-a-dozen official inquiries are being made without any prospect of the truth being discovered. And, to crown all, the Caffarel scandal has ended by becoming a fine gratis advertisement for the Bohemian and incoherent café Le Chat Noir. After all the excitement and indignation which the affair of the sale of decorations caused throughout France, behold it is an ingenious licensed victualler who profits by it. But how so? In the first place the culprits were divided into two sets, the band of Senator General D'Andlau and the Caffarel band, the latter composed of the General, of Madame Limouzin, and of her lover, Lorenz. In the course of the trial of these three it was discovered that the documents seized in Madame Limouzin's house had been tampered with. This fact being prejudicial to the defence of the three culprits, their trial was suspended, and they were set at liberty provisionally; and the vaudeville began by Madame Limouzin dining at the Chat Noir as the guest of the head reporters of three leading journals, which publish a detailed account of the charms of the person and conversation of this cynical adventuress. Judgment has been given to-day in the case of other persons implicated: General Count D'Andlau being sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 3000f.; Madame Ratazzi, condemned to thirteen months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of 2000f.; and two of the accused being sentenced to short terms of imprisonment.

A grave result of all this stirring up of mud is that President Grévy is compromised, that he has lost the respect of the nation, and that his resignation is openly demanded. The candidates for the post of President are M. Brisson, who has the well-merited reputation of being a lugubrious bore; M. Sadi-Carnot, aged eighty-six, enjoying only the dimly reflected prestige of an illustrious ancestor; M. Jules Ferry; M. De Freycinet, whose chief characteristic is irresolution; M. Le Royer, a worthy nullity; General Saussier, the Governor of Paris and Commander-in-Chief of the Army in case of war; M. Léon Say, a half-and-half man, very jovial, very clever in financial matters, and very rich. There is yet another—undecided—candidate—namely, General Boulanger—who has arrived at Paris with his black charger, having purged the term of imprisonment to which he was recently condemned by his hierarchic superior, the Minister of War. Two of the above candidates are very dangerous—namely, Boulanger and Ferry, and the election of either would cause barricades to be erected in the streets of the capital. The Blanquist revolutionaries have elected a barricade committee ready to act at a moment's notice; the members of the Patriots' League are also prepared to take action also against Ferry; while Joffrin and the mass of Anarchists and Socialists are opposed to a military dictatorship. On the other hand, Boulanger has organised around his person a colossal advertising system; his portrait meets the eye at every turn in every town and village in France; he has got himself identified with the idea of a war of revenge against Germany. On the whole, French affairs have not been in such a mess as they are at present since Marshal MacMahon's attempted coup d'état. There is, however, one palliative worthy of notice: the French nation is no longer militant in matters of home politics; it is disgusted and patient. Another point is that the weather is snowy, wet, and horrible, and that November is a most unfavourable month for barricade building and street manifestations. Nevertheless, it is sad to reflect that these propositions of resort to violence strike many citizens as being quite natural. If the Republic has no longer the advantage of rendering revolutions and riots both useless and criminal it does not offer any more guarantees than Empire or Royalty.

The state of affairs is very bad, not to say unendurable; but where is the remedy? In point of fact, the general sentiment of the French nation is that the present Parliamentary engine is unsatisfactory and must be reformed. In what sense shall the reform be made? Here the mystery begins. The important point for the moment is that the popular journals, and, above all, the *Petit Journal* with its vast circulation of nearly a million, are impressing upon the electors this fact of the inadequateness of the Parliamentary system. On the other hand, of all popular publications, those of a patriotic and warlike note are the most successful. Furthermore, no popular halfpenny paper dares to combat Boulanger. These points are worthy of being meditated. The future will show why.

Every week the Minister of Commerce grows more sure of the success of the Exhibition of 1889. Swiss industries of all kinds will be represented on a large scale. The Japanese are preparing an important and varied exhibit. The Swedish Government has made arrangements for facilitating the transport of exhibitors' goods. The Chilian Government will participate officially in the Exhibition. The Spanish Ministry has recently decided to favour the participation of Spanish commerce and agriculture in the Exhibition of 1889. Finally, the Minister of Commerce has been notified that Belgian commerce and industry will be grandly represented. It is probable that the Exhibition will be open at night as well as in the daytime, and in that case electrical engineers of all nationalities will be admitted to the syndicate, which will be formed to organise the electric lighting of the Champ de Mars.

Amongst recent deaths may be noted those of General De Courcy, former Commander-in-Chief in Tonquin; and of the poet Jules Lacroix, whose translations in verse of "Macbeth," "King Lear," and "Edipus Rex," were remarkable literary and scenic successes. Jules Lacroix, born in 1809, was the brother of Paul Lacroix, the well-known bibliophile Jacob. He married a Countess Rzewuska, a sister of that Madame De Hanska who figures so largely in Balzac's correspondence, and who finally became Balzac's wife, and was a few years ago the heroine of financial and domestic disasters which were duly related at the time in these columns.

The prices of autographs seem to be rising. At a recent sale at the Hôtel Drouot a letter by Gambetta fetched 40f.; Victor Hugo, 92f.; Catherine De Médicis, 150f.; Louis XIV., 420f.; a letter of Charles V. to François I., 500f. T. C.

It has been officially announced that the illness from which the German Crown Prince is suffering is of a cancerous nature. The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says:—"The truth came upon the capital with all the force of what may be called

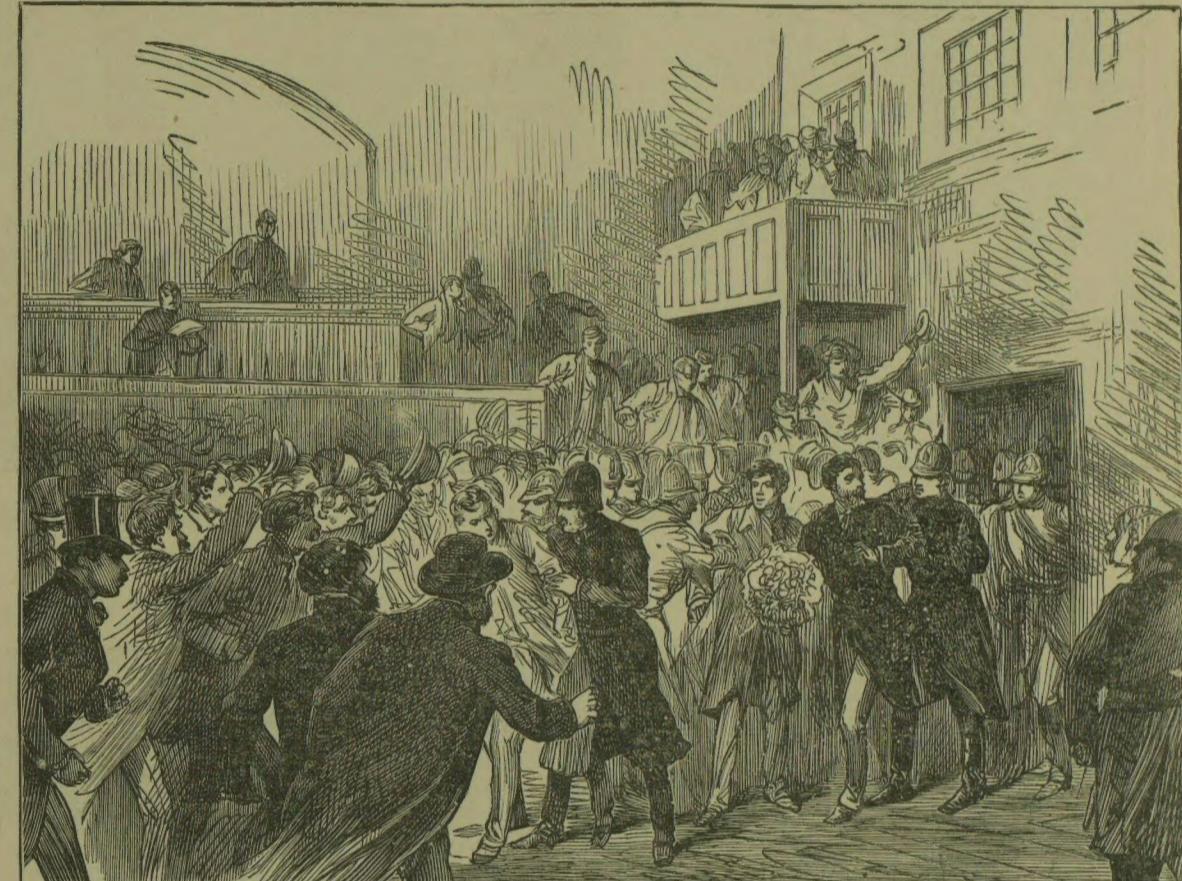
an unexpected shock. His Majesty was deeply affected by the news, but managed to preserve his composure. It must have been about the time, on Friday afternoon, when the German Ambassador at Rome was investing the Crown Prince of Italy with the Order of the Black Eagle that the German Crown Prince was courageously listening to the verdict of the doctors who had met in consultation to decide upon his case. There is only one German heart which does not seem to be very much afflicted with the terms of this verdict, and that is the heart of the heroic and ever-cheerful Crown Prince himself. All accounts speak of his demeanour at this most trying time as being admirable, and full of high-souled fortitude, equanimity, and hopefulness." After the conclusion of the third day's consultation all the medical men proceeded in a body to the Villa Zirio, and gave the Crown Prince a detailed report on their consultation. They informed him that the growth had the appearance of cancer, but that they felt themselves in duty bound to advise him that, in their opinion, his life would best be prolonged by resorting to no operation, placing before him all the arguments for and against the chances of an operation, consisting in the removal of the affected portion of the whole of the larynx. After grave consideration, the Crown Prince stated his final decision that he would not have any operation performed. Sir Morell Mackenzie has left San Remo for London. Hesitates that the tumour has not grown since the consultation. In his opinion it is not due to excessive smoking.—It is stated in a Berlin telegram that the festivities in honour of the Czar will be confined to a State banquet and a performance at the Opera.

In the Greek Chamber of Deputies, M. Augerinos, the Ministerial candidate, has been elected President with 72 votes against 38 recorded in favour of M. Trarafanos, the Opposition candidate.—Diplomatic relations have been broken off between Roumania and Greece. A dispute respecting the nationality of a person who died in Bucharest was the cause of the rupture.

his own clothes have been taken from him, and he still persists in declining even to change his linen for that supplied by the prison authorities. The two remaining Illustrations were taken respectively at Midleton and at Woodford, in Galway, when the police constabulary forces were assembled at these towns, on the days of the trials of Mr. O'Brien and of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. The military kitchen, or cooking apparatus in the camp at Midleton, is shown in the first of these Sketches; and the second represents the Army Ambulance at work in the guard-room of the police-barracks at Woodford.

"MY PHOTO."

A sense of increased personal dignity and importance may innocently be felt by the child who has just had her photograph taken; and some ladies and gentlemen of mature age, enjoying a tolerable degree of social recognition, betray similar gratification in collecting a multitude of likenesses of their amiable faces and imposing figures. It is a common weakness of mankind in every class and race. On a bank holiday, when the itinerant photographer sets up his portable apparatus on Hampstead Heath, or some other suburban place of popular resort, small family groups, or the lover and the girl walking out together, are seen to take their stand, with bashful hesitation, in front of the camera and the veiled manipulator of chemicals and negative plates, and to fall into studied attitudes, with intensely earnest looks, awaiting the process which amounts to a verdict on their appearance in the eyes of the world. Travellers in Africa or Asia, or in the South Sea Islands, who in these times often carry with them, in default of sketchbooks and pencils, or of the artistic skill to use them, the modern scientific substitute for graphic delineation, tell us of the eagerness with which people of barbarous tribes, when once relieved from superstitious fears of malevolent magic in this mysterious practice, will subject their dusky countenances to the photographic ordeal. If there be any



MR. W. O'BRIEN, M.P., STRUGGLING WITH THE POLICE IN THE COURT-HOUSE AT MIDDLETON.

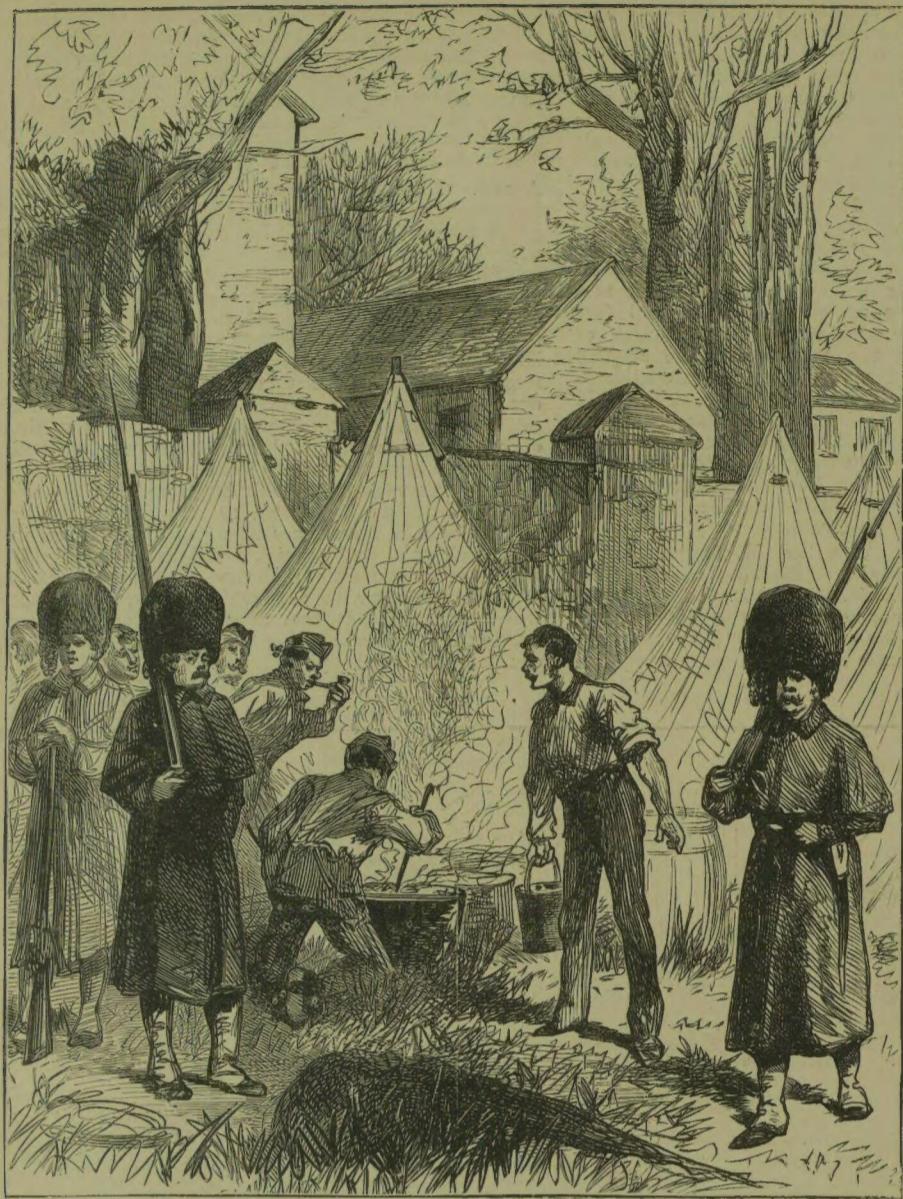
THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Our Special Artist in Ireland furnishes several Illustrations of the extraordinary measures required to enforce the law. One represents the scene at Midleton, a small town about fifteen miles east of the city of Cork, the head-quarters of a County Magistrate's division, where the County Court Judge, Mr. James Hamilton, Q.C., Recorder of the city, decided on the appeal of Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., from the sentence of the two Resident Magistrates at Mitchelstown. The Court was held at Midleton on Oct. 31, the judgment at Mitchelstown having been given on Sept. 9. The police collected at Midleton were supported by a company of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and a half-troop of Hussars encamped outside the town. Mr. O'Brien, with Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., and other Nationalists, one being the Mayor of Cork, came from that city, and was received by a large assembly, with bands of music and green flags, and with two hundred horsemen wearing green sashes. They escorted his carriage in procession to Carrigtwohill, while he and Mr. Dillon made speeches. The proceedings in Midleton Court-House were not lengthy; Mr. O'Brien conducted his own case, and the Recorder confirmed the judgment and sentence of three months' imprisonment. He attempted to leave the Court during the short time occupied in drawing up the warrant for his committal to jail; the Recorder would not order him to be detained, but Captain Stokes, Resident Magistrate, one of those who had given the sentence at Mitchelstown, directed the police in Court to stop Mr. O'Brien going out; and his violent resistance caused a scuffle at the door and in an outer room. He was placed in a closed carriage, with Mr. Mandeville, whose sentence of two months' imprisonment had likewise been confirmed; and they were taken to Cork with a police guard and escort of Hussars. They were safely lodged in the jail at Cork, which was surrounded by hundreds of police restraining an excited crowd. The Mayor, being a Visiting Justice of the peace, declared his intention of seeing Mr. O'Brien every day, while Mr. O'Brien intended to refuse wearing the ordinary prison dress, and not to submit to the prison rules, which oblige him to clean his own cell. The Irish Government therefore ordered him to be removed from Cork jail; he was brought to Dublin, and was thence consigned to the jail of Tullamore, in King's County, where the usual regulations were to be enforced. The scene at the arrival of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Mandeville at Tullamore jail is represented in another Illustration. Mr. O'Brien, being in delicate health, has been placed in the prison infirmary, and is allowed to keep his bed;

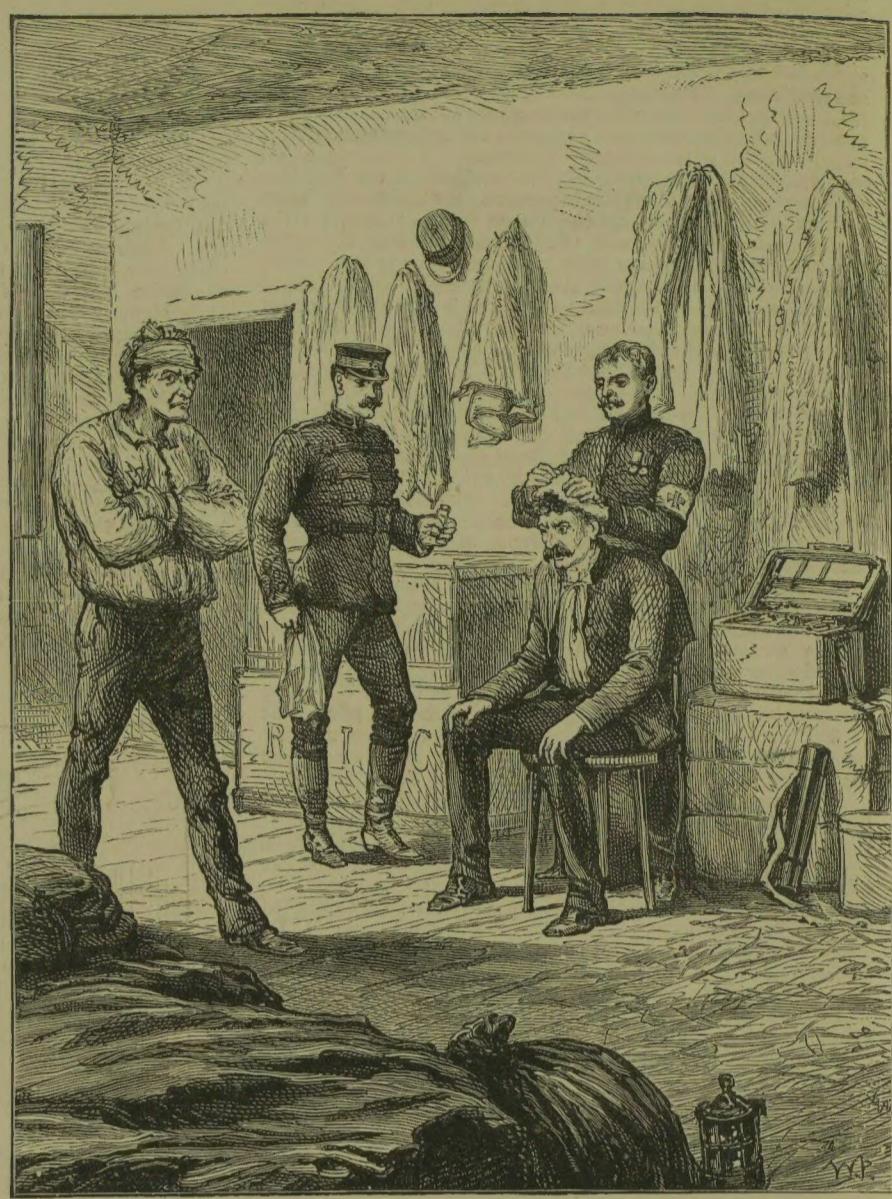
sentiment which is universal, the "one touch of Nature" that proves all human hearts akin, it is that kind of self-love which delights in obtaining a special record of the individual personality, and in exhibiting it to others, not perhaps with vanity or pretensions to superiority, but with that simple desire of esteem which is the bond of domestic and social affections. The little maiden, in this picture by a German artist, which is the property of the Munich Photographic Union, is permitted apparently to inspect and compare two slightly different representations of her pretty form, supplied for approving choice; and is entitled, by her sex and age, to show a frank interest, which her parents and other fond elders will share, in the result of the important operation. The facility and inexpensiveness of procuring such likenesses is a vast addition to the harmless pleasures of life. Many of us can well remember the very first "daguerreotypes," produced on silver plates, which were costly, imperfect, and not very pleasant in effect; before these, except the painted miniature portraits, which only the rich could afford, there were the "silhouettes," the profiles cut in black or bronzed paper stuck on cardboard, or modelled in black wax on a light ground, some of which, done more than half a century ago, now remain among the treasured family memorials in modest households all over the country. Those cherished likenesses of long departed friends are still dear to their children and grandchildren, and with them are preserved the youthful figures of some of the playfellows of our infancy, who might, but for an early death, have been with us still on earth. It will be the same, in the next generation, with many a photograph of the young people whom we love; though many of them—and this little girl, we hope—will live to pass through the natural changes of growth and prime and serene old age, and will some day, perhaps, again examine the faded likeness of a childhood that was happy enough, but that may have proved the commencement of a long life, enlarged with ampler sources of satisfaction.

The nineteenth annual national show of poultry, pigeons, and rabbits has been held at the Crystal Palace. There were about 1400 exhibitors, and the number of entries of poultry was 3299; of pigeons, 2736; and of rabbits, 290.

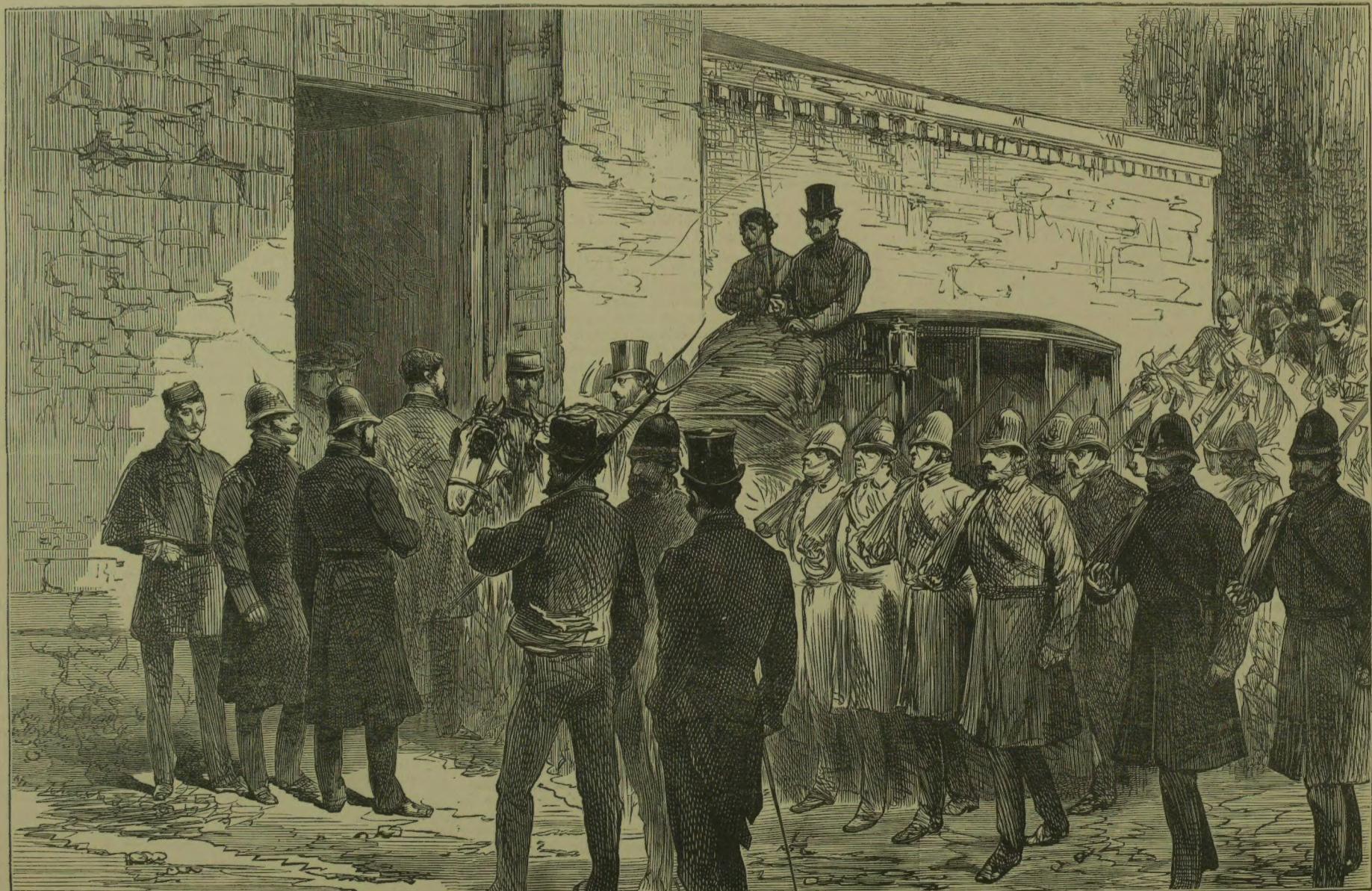
Mr. Morgan Howard, Q.C., of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Judge of the Cornwall Circuit of County Courts, in the room of the late Mr. Montague Bere. Mr. Howard is Recorder of Guildford and M.P. for the Dulwich Division of Camberwell, in the representation of which place a vacancy will thus be caused.



MILITARY KITCHEN IN CAMP OUTSIDE MIDDLETON.



ARMY AMBULANCE AT WORK IN POLICE BARRACK, WOODFORD.



ARRIVAL OF MR. W. O'BRIEN AND MR. MANDEVILLE AT TULLAMORE JAIL, KING'S COUNTY, FROM CORK.



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

His mother, panting, laid her hand upon his shoulder. He shook her off violently and was about to fly, when he recognised her.

MISER FAREBROTHER.* BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIE," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MISER FAREBROTHER THREATENS JEREMIAH.

He usually travelled third class to Beddington, but on this occasion he took a first-class ticket. To this piece of extravagance he was impelled by two reasons. He wished to be alone, and the first-class carriages were nearly always empty at this time of the day. Then, in the position in which he found himself—brought about partly by his own folly, but chiefly by the treachery of Captain Ablewhite—it mattered little how much he spent. What were pounds, shillings, and pence in comparison with his safety? He had worked himself into the belief that not only his liberty, but his life, was in peril.

The three first-class carriages in the train were unoccupied, and he got into one, and closed the door. No other passenger entered the carriage, and he travelled to Parksides alone.

He read again the newspaper article upon the diamond bracelet, and his feelings became more bitter and revengeful. The visions which had haunted him in Miser Farebrother's office reappeared. The words he was reading were printed in letters of blood; his eyes became blurred, and he wiped them with his handkerchief. The blood-shadows were on the handkerchief as he looked at it; the stains spread to his hands, as though they had just been employed in a ruthless deed; the compartment in which he sat was throbbing with a silent life-and-death struggle, from which he emerged triumphant and free.

He was aroused by the stopping of the train at Beddington. He jumped out, with the account-books in his hands, and gazed defiantly around. No one challenged or accosted him, and he walked through the village towards Parksides. He heard a voice calling to him.

"Jeremiah! Jeremiah!"

The currents of his blood seemed to be suddenly arrested. Was he so soon discovered? Were they after him already?

"Jeremiah! Jeremiah!"

His mother, panting, laid her hand upon his shoulder. He shook her off violently, and was about to fly when he recognised her.

"How fast you walk, Jeremiah!" He glared at her, and raised his hand with the intention of striking her, but she caught his arm and prevented him.

"Well, then!" he said suddenly. "What do you come running after a fellow like that for? Just as if!"—He did not finish the sentence.

"Just as if what, Jeremiah?" asked Mrs. Pamflett.

"Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies," he replied. "How is it that you're here instead of at Parksides?"

"Miser Farebrother sent me with a message to the telegraph office."

"A telegram!" he cried, all his fears reviving. "To whom?"

"To you, telling you to come here without a moment's delay."

"Oh, the old thief wants me!"

"He wants you badly, Jeremiah."

"Does he? Was there nothing else in the telegram except that I was to come here without a moment's delay?"

"You were to bring the account books." "I have them, you see. Was the old thief in a good humour?"

"Jeremiah, I was listening outside his room, and I heard him limping up and down, muttering to himself. I didn't catch what he was saying, but he was in a desperate temper. Yet when he rang his bell and I answered it he was sitting at the writing-table, with the sweetest smile on his face, and his voice was like honey. 'Take this to the telegraph-office,' he said, giving me the message, and he asked me how you were getting on, and whether you were saving money, and whether I had saved any. I told him I had a little"—

"How much?" asked Jeremiah, interrupting her.

"I didn't tell him that, Jeremiah."

"Of course you didn't; but I want to know."

"I have got more than a hundred pounds, Jeremiah."

"So—you've been saving up secretly, unbeknown to me!"

"It was done for your good, Jeremiah; it is all for you. Women are not as strong as men, nor as bold and venturesome; but they see further sometimes. 'Perhaps,' I thought to myself, 'one day Jeremiah may want a little help; there may be something he wishes to do, and is just a little short. Then I will give him my savings, and he will praise me for my prudence and foresight.'"

"I praise you now, mother," said Jeremiah. "Can you lay your hands on the money? Is it in your room?"

"No, Jeremiah; it is in the Post Office Savings Bank."

"Curse it! You can't get it out to-day! What's the good of it when I want it now—this very minute?"

"What for, Jeremiah?"

"That's my business. Go on about the old thief. He pretended to be very sweet, did he, and tried to pump you! What's that?"

He clutched his mother, shaking like one in an ague. They were in a narrow lane, and a boy in their rear had uttered a loud shout, and had thrown a stone at a bird. The boy ran on, and the colour returned to Jeremiah's face.

"Jeremiah!" whispered Mrs. Pamflett.

"Well?"

"You have been doing something wrong! You are in trouble?"

"Yes; I am in trouble. I have been robbed—swindled—tricked—and ruined by a damned scoundrel. If I had him here, now, in this quiet lane, with no one near, his life wouldn't be worth moment's purchase. There, the murderer's out! What did I say?"

"You said, 'the murderer's out!'"

"Did I?" he exclaimed, with a nervous laugh. "Murder, eh? Well, if it's my life against another man's!"

"Is it as bad as that, Jeremiah?"

"It is. I am in a fearful hole, and I must get out of it. Look here, mother. Ever since I was born you've been drumming in my ears that you cared for nothing in the world but me, that you lived only for me, that you loved no one but me, that you would do anything for me—never mind what—anything, anything! Is it true, or a lie?"

"It is true, Jeremiah," said Mrs. Pamflett, her thin lips set, but slightly parted, and her eyes glittering like cold steel. "If you're in danger, you must get out of it. If I can help you to get out of it, you have only to show me the way. You don't know what a woman like me—what a mother like me—is capable of. I will show you. A scoundrel has ruined you,

and something must be done to save you. I understand; I understand. Whatever it is, if it is for me to do it, I am ready. I have never spoken one false word to you, and I won't say one word to you now to reproach you for not having confided in me before to-day. If you had made your fortune I was to share it. You are in trouble now, and I will share it. Give me a kiss, and say you love me!"

"I should be a beast if I didn't," said Jeremiah, kissing her. "You're something like a mother!"

"Jeremiah, if that venomous wretch, Phœbe Farebrother, had married you, would you be in danger now?"

"No, there would be nothing to trouble me if she hadn't rounded on me. I shouldn't have been compelled to do what I have done."

"Ah! She called you a reptile, and I am your mother. Oh, to be even with her—to be even with her!"

Half an hour afterwards Jeremiah Pamflett was in the presence of Miser Farebrother. The miser received his managing clerk with more than graciousness; there was even cordiality in his manner, and had Jeremiah's usually clear mind not been unbalanced by the threatening clouds which hung above him, this apparently favourable demeanour would have rendered him suspicious, and put him on his guard. Experience had taught him that there was always mischief in the wind when Miser Farebrother's words were smooth and fair.

"I sent a telegram for you, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother.

"Yes, Sir," said Jeremiah, "my mother told me so. Fortunately, I was on my way to you."

"You have brought the books with you?"

"Here they are, Sir."

"You anticipate my wishes, Jeremiah. What master was ever served as I am served by you—so conscientiously, so faithfully! Is the bank-book here? Yes, yes, I see it is. We will go into the accounts presently. Before I sent for you, Jeremiah, I was in great pain, and feared I had not long to live. That kind of feeling makes a man sad—it unsettles him, and he is apt to repine at the hard fate which seems determined to snatch him from all the joys of life. I have not had many of them, and the consolation I had looked forward to in your contemplated union with my ungrateful child has been denied me. You seem tired, Jeremiah; doubtless you have been up late at night attending to correspondence connected with the business and running through the accounts."

"I have been working very hard," said Jeremiah.

"That is it. When I did the work myself I also used to sit up night after night poring over the books. An anxious mind, Jeremiah, an anxious mind!—and you resemble me. Oh, how you resemble me! What does a late night now and then matter to the young and strong? They can bear it; it leaves no ill-effects behind. I could bear it once; I was once young and strong as you are; I was once filled with hope and enthusiasm. And now, look at me. I am a wreck, a feeble wreck, scarcely able to contend with an infant. My strength gone, my hope and enthusiasm gone, my confidence gone in every being in the world with the exception of you and your mother. No reward can be too great for service so faithful. You are affected. I thank you, Jeremiah; I thank you. That sympathising look, those genuine tears, testify to the friendship you bear towards me."

In point of fact, Jeremiah had taken his handkerchief from

his pocket and had dabbed his forehead with it; and it was this action which Miser Farebrother chose to construe into an exhibition of sympathy. Jeremiah's face was damp with perspiration; he was bewildered by the flow of words which fell like honey from the miser's lips; bewildered, also, by the presence of the master he had wronged and robbed, of the man who held his fate in his hands. Lying back in his chair, Miser Farebrother seemed to have scarcely an hour's life in him; his strength seemed to be ebbing away, and death to be fast approaching. What if he were to die there, within the hour, while Jeremiah was in the room? Then all would be well. He could obtain possession of the valuable bracelet; he could obtain possession of the hoards of money which Miser Farebrother had put in some secret place, which, the miser dead, Jeremiah and his mother would have little difficulty in finding. Yes; then all would be well. Before he presented himself to his master, he had confided to his mother all the particulars of the danger which threatened him, and they had debated what had best be done. His mother had said, "If Miser Farebrother were out of the way"—and then had paused. If Miser Farebrother were out of the way! That is, if he were dead! Yes; if he were dead! "What then?" Jeremiah had asked, after a terrible silence, during which their minds were threading labyrinths of awful possibilities of action which would extricate Jeremiah from his peril. "What then, mother?" Jeremiah had asked. "Why, then?" his mother had replied, "we could get the bracelet, and would find a means to restore it immediately to the lady from whom it had been stolen. It would have to be done carefully and secretly; it would be necessary that we should not be seen or suspected in the matter. The bracelet restored, the lady would have nothing to complain of. She has not been robbed of money, only we and the old man up-stairs know where the money came from which was lent upon the bracelet, and only we should be the losers." "We could get his hidden treasure as well, mother," Jeremiah had said; "no one but ourselves knows of that. If it were necessary, we could leave England for a time." But this suggestion had been stoutly opposed by Mrs. Pamflett. "It would never do," she had said; "our disappearance would draw instant suspicion upon us. We have managed for him so many years—I, here in Parksides, you in the London office. No, Jeremiah; we must stop and brave it out. I am certain there would be very little to fear, and that neither the policeman nor the cabman would be able to identify you. Besides, the bracelet restored, there would be no charge. The lady's maid stole it, not you, and she will not come back. She is in sure hiding, and so is that monster Captain Ablewhite. You would be safe, Jeremiah; you would be safe!" And then she had repeated, "If Miser Farebrother were out of the way!" Already their dark thoughts had compassed the result. The means had not been mentioned or discussed, but they were ready for any expedient, however desperate, which would bring it about and remove the threatened danger. Mrs. Pamflett, to ensure her son's safety, was prepared for any risk to herself, for any sacrifice.

And here, sitting within a few inches of Jeremiah, was the man whose death meant life and liberty for him—was the man who could make a felon of him, who could ruin him absolutely and for ever and ever! "If he were to die now in his chair!" thought Jeremiah. Then came the thought that Miser Farebrother was an old man, weak and nerveless, and that two strong hands around his neck would squeeze the life out of him in a very few moments. It would be soon over, and there would be an end to the tortures Jeremiah was suffering. Meanwhile, Miser Farebrother was speaking again.

"Were those the office keys jingling in your pocket, Jeremiah, when you took out your handkerchief? Let me see them; it may be the last opportunity I shall have of handling the old friends. Yes, here they are, all on a single ring—the key of the office door, the key of the room in which you sleep, the keys of the safe and the deed and cash boxes. All here, all here! Have you duplicates of them? No! Then, without these keys you could not enter the office, you could not open the safe! Come, old friends, into my drawer you go—and you are safely locked there, and the key in my pocket!"

And now, to Jeremiah's astonishment and consternation. Miser Farebrother rose to his feet, and stood upright before his knavish clerk. All his apparent weakness had disappeared; his face was flushed with anger, in his eyes there was a look of stern resolution.

"I summoned you here," he said, and his firm voice struck terror to Jeremiah's heart, "to obtain not only an explanation but satisfaction from you. Doubtless you have read this?"

He held out to Jeremiah the newspaper containing the account of the robbery of the diamond bracelet. Mechanically Jeremiah took the paper; but he did not look further than the heading: "A Strange Affair.—The Biters Bit."

"Answer me," said the miser. "Have you read it?"

"No," faltered Jeremiah.

"How do you know you have not read it when you have scarcely glanced at the paper I have given you? That you lie is proved by your side-pocket, which would not bulge out as it does if it did not contain a copy of this damnable strange affair, by which you have swindled me out of four thousand pounds?"

"I did not swindle you," Jeremiah found courage to say, "I believed the diamonds were genuine."

"You lie again, and you will continue to lie. But it will not help you. I will have my money back! Do you hear, you thief—I will have my money back, which you and your confederates have shared between you! I will not wait long for it. Before twelve o'clock to-morrow you shall count it out to me on this table. If you do not, you shall stand in the felon's dock. All your cunning shall not save you. I am a fool to give you one moment's grace. You thief! you scoundrel! you swindler! I will have my money! my money! my money! Have I not toiled for it all my life?—and now to find myself robbed by a scoundrel I snatched from the gutter! If you don't pay me what you have stolen from me I will so pursue you that your life shall be a slow torture. You shall wish you were dead; but you shall live to suffer. At least I will have revenge, and I will pay for it. I will have your heart's blood, to the last drop! My money! my money! my money!"

His passion exhausted him, and he was compelled to stop. His torrent of furious words had, in the first instance, overwhelmed Jeremiah with despair; but, as the miser went on, this feeling was gradually replaced by one of fierce malignity. He grew cooler every moment.

"Do you wish to know why I wanted the books?" continued Miser Farebrother. "I will tell you. To-morrow they will be placed in the hands of an accountant, who shall go through them and examine them, and who will tell me the full extent of your robberies; for my eyes are opened now. I have been blind! blind! This swindle of the bracelet is not your only theft, there are others, and I will have them ferreted out, and you shall repay me to the last farthing. You thief! you have fattened upon the money you have stolen from me—you have grown rich by your knavery! Well, I will beggar you—every shilling you possess is mine, and I will have it. I leave it to you to judge whether I am in earnest or not, and whether I will do what I have threatened. Do you wish to

know why I wanted the keys of the office and the safe? I will tell you. It is that you shall never again enter my doors—it is that it shall be out of your power to destroy the evidences of your guilt which are to be found there. Till twelve tomorrow—not one moment longer! Then, when restitution is made—full, complete restitution—you and your cat-mother shall pack, the pair of you! I will fling you both into the gutter, and if you rot and die there so much the better! I will look down upon you and laugh. Is what I say plain enough?"

"Quite," replied Jeremiah, in whose heart now reigned a cold, ferocious cunning; but his voice was very humble. "You force me to confess."

"I thought I should succeed in that, at least. But no confessions will satisfy me without my money, you vile, ungrateful thief! My money! Do you hear?—my money!"

"You shall have it; you shall not lose one farthing by me."

"Good; good! You are rich, then? You have robbed me systematically? You villainous knave!"

"I am not rich. I have saved a little, and I have friends who will assist me in the misfortune which has overtaken me. I have not robbed you systematically; you do me an injustice, as you will learn when the accountant has gone through the books. I court inquiry—I invite it—I will have it now that you have accused me; I will compel you to admit that I have served you faithfully. My character is dear to me, and I will not allow you to cast suspicion upon it. As for the bracelet, I did believe that the stones were genuine; and, if they were genuine, they would have been worth ten times the sum you lent on them. I laugh at the public exposure with which you threaten me. Me it cannot harm: you, it can. For, after all, I am only your servant; you are the principal. That the business of the bracelet was introduced to me by a man whose character will not bear investigation is true. I did not know this at the time; but what if I did? He did not ask me to lend him the money, he asked me to apply to you. Is it the first questionable transaction you have been mixed up in? Perhaps I could give evidence on that point. It is pretty well known that Miser Farebrother would do anything for money; if he could sell his soul for it he would not hesitate long. You mustn't mind my speaking in this way; I have nothing to fear, and I am defending myself."

Miser Farebrother was not in the least discomposed by Jeremiah's defence of himself. "Words! Jeremiah; words!" he said, with a sneering laugh. "Are you a fool as well as a rogue? What you have said is as so much air, and will not save you from the felon's fate. In everything I have done, the law is on my side; I have seen to that. As to what is between us, let matters be settled quickly. You have saved a little, you say; you have friends who will assist you. Good! By noon to-morrow pay me the money you induced me to advance upon the bracelet. If this is not done, at one o'clock I will place it in the hands of the police, with a faithful description of the manner in which it came into my possession. The police are looking for you, you shallow knave, and I will set them on your track. Then see if you can save yourself. The office accounts will come afterwards. If you have stolen, you shall repay—with interest, you thief!"

"I will not use abusive words in return," said Jeremiah. "There is nothing for which I am to blame, except the bracelet, and I was an innocent victim. You have it, of course?"

"Trust me for that," replied Miser Farebrother; "I have it safe enough. Do you think I have been simple enough to part with it?"

"Well; give it to me," said Jeremiah, "and before twelve to-morrow morning I will return you the money you advanced on it."

Miser Farebrother burst out into a loud laugh. "Give it to you, Jeremiah, and simply for the asking? You miserable knave! do you think I am in my second childhood? No, Jeremiah; no! When you give me back my money you shall have it—not till then. Fail in this restitution, and you have but a few hours of freedom before you. By my blood! by my life! I will abide by what I say!"

"Then there is an end of it," said Jeremiah, "and it shall be as you say. I must get back to London to-night, so that I may be here in time to-morrow."

"Be sure you are in time, Jeremiah."

"I will be sure," said Jeremiah, and left the room.

The moment he closed the door behind him he felt his mother's hand clasp his. She led him down the stairs, and Jeremiah, hearing the sound of his own footsteps, did not wonder that he did not hear hers. It would have been difficult, she trod so softly, and she had taken off her boots. She accompanied him like a spirit; not the only one which walked beside and before him. "By his blood! by his life!" Miser Farebrother's words. Well, it might come to that. What other road of escape was left open?

In the kitchen below, Mrs. Pamflett put her forefinger to her lips.

"Speak low, Jeremiah. I listened outside, and heard all. He has the heart of a devil! That is his gratitude for faithful service! His life has been in my hands for years past. I could have sent him to his grave and no one the wiser. I am your cat-mother, am I? and he will fling us into the gutter, and laugh at us? He and his daughter are a pair. He has had the best years of our lives, and he spits in our faces! Have you told me the whole truth, Jeremiah? About the books and the safe—is there anything against you there? Can he get you into further trouble?"

"Mother," said Jeremiah, "if he calls in an accountant, as he threatens to do, I am lost. There is no hope of escape for me. If I don't get back that bracelet I am lost. And he has money, too, here, hidden away, and not a soul knows it but him and ourselves?"

"Not a soul, Jeremiah."

"No one comes to the house but us?"

"Not a person has been here for a month past."

"But there comes here to-night, late, a man to see Miser Farebrother. It might be."

"It might be," his mother echoed, gazing at her son with a fierce expectancy in her eyes.

"This man has been here frequently before; he has been in the habit of coming once in every six or seven weeks, and Miser Farebrother expects and receives him. They talk in secret in Miser Farebrother's room, with the door locked. You are never admitted. You are sent to bed, and sometimes you have awoken in the middle of the night and have heard sounds in the miser's room, which proved that the man was still there. You never knew at what hour he went away, but it must have been nearly always not earlier than two or three in the morning. It might be."

"It might be."

"That he came upon business is a reasonable construction, and that this business was of a nature which would not bear the light is another reasonable construction. Once, passing the miser's room on the way to your own you heard them quarreling, and you heard the miser say, 'I have but to lift my finger and I could send you back to the hulks! I will give you twenty pounds for the bonds, and no more!' A reasonable story, mother?"

"Perfectly reasonable, Jeremiah. Living here in seclusion as he has done for so many years, with no servant but me, who is to dispute it? That is not the end, Jeremiah."

"That is not the end. To-night, late, the man comes again, and is admitted. You go to bed as usual, and leave them together as usual. To-morrow morning you get up, and wait for Miser Farebrother to ring his bell for breakfast. He does not ring it, mother," and Jeremiah put his lips close to her ear. "Can you guess the reason why he does not ring his bell?"

"I can guess the reason, Jeremiah," she replied, in a cold malignant voice. "After to-morrow he will never raise his hand again."

"And I am safe," said Jeremiah.

"And you are safe, my dear, dear lad; and he is punished as he deserves to be."

"He has been in the grounds at night very often these last few weeks, mother?"

"Very often, Jeremiah."

"Whether he dies in the house or out of the house, the story holds good."

"The story holds good," she echoed.

"You can describe the man's dress and appearance; there is nothing like being exact in these matters; there are peculiarities about him by which you will be able to recognise him when he is arrested."

"Leave all that to me, Jeremiah. I will show you what I am capable of. And you—where will you be in the morning?"

"In the office in London, as usual, having possessed myself of the keys which he tricked out of me up-stairs. Give me a drink of brandy—ah! that puts life into one! And some bread and meat—no, I cannot eat."

"You must, Jeremiah; you must! It will give you strength. That's right. Force yourself to eat. Don't drink much. Keep cool for what is to come. Now go—and keep out of sight. You must not be seen in the village. The monster up-stairs never wanders near the beeches; you will be safe there. I will come to you in an hour or two."

Stealthily, warily, Jeremiah crept from the house, and proceeded in the direction indicated by his mother. The sun was setting, and blood was in the sky. It shone upon the rising ground and upon the topmost branches of the trees. His eyes did not rest upon the glories of a lovely sunset, but upon blotches and streaks of blood. Once, standing where he could not himself be seen, he turned to the house, and watched the blood-red stains in the windows. Behind the crimson panes lurid shadows moved; the rooms were alive with murderous shapes and forms engaged in fierce conflict. Above him and all around him lurked the spirit of murder.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A DREAM OF AN ANGEL.

"Oh, Aunt Leth, Aunt Leth!" cried Phoebe. "Can nothing be done?—nothing, nothing?"

"I fear not, dear child," said Aunt Leth, in a voice of quiet despair. "Your uncle and I have thought of every possible way in which our dear home might be saved, but thinking and talking will not stave off impending ruin. To-morrow we shall be beggared and disgraced."

There was no light in the room. On a stool sat Uncle Leth, with his face buried in his hands; Aunt Leth sat on a chair by his side, with her arm upon his neck, vainly striving to console him; Fanny lay upon the sofa, sobbing; Robert sat moodily in a corner. To-morrow the acceptance for three hundred pounds was due, and they had not a shilling to meet it.

They had been talking in the dark for an hour, and the parents had deemed it right that their children should be made acquainted with the blow that was about to fall upon them. Phoebe, as one of the family, could not be left in ignorance, although they would cheerfully have spared her the grief into which they were plunged. All was now known, and ruin stared them in the face.

Aunt Leth was the least demonstrative of the group, and she suffered perhaps the most. Her trembling limbs, her quivering voice, her pitiful glances as her eyes wandered around, denoted the agony of her soul. Phoebe could not bear to look towards her. Dark as was the room, she saw and understood it all, and she was racked with anguish.

Had it been any other person than Jeremiah Pamflett from whom the money had been borrowed, they believed that some respite would have been granted them; but he was their bitterest enemy, and they were convinced that he was the moving spirit through whom the relentless decree had been issued that not a day's grace would be allowed. Troubles and griefs had fallen to the lot of Aunt Leth in the course of her happy married life, and she had met them cheerfully; but this overwhelming stroke had broken her down. There are shocks against which the bravest cannot contend, and this was one.

"It is I," suddenly cried Uncle Leth, starting up, and pacing the room in a frenzy of excitement, "it is I who have brought this ruin and disgrace upon the beloved ones I should have shielded and protected! This is how I have repaid them for the love which has been showered upon me! Wretch that I am!—I do not deserve to live!"

They clung about him, and besought him to be calm. They called him by the most endearing names. Only Phoebe did not move from her chair.

It was terrible to witness his agony; but so sweet and tender and true were their ministerings that they succeeded in their loving endeavours. He burst into tears, and sank upon the stool, and laid his head upon his wife's knees.

"This morning," he said presently, in a voice so pitiful that their tears flowed afresh, "as I walked to the bank, I had a dream of hope. It was foolish, I know, and neither manly nor practical—for life's troubles are not to be surmounted by dreams—but I could not help it. These dreams have happened to me, and I should have done my duty better to my dear ones here had I not encouraged them." He passed his hand across his forehead with the air of a man upon whom a sudden mental bewilderment had fallen. "What was I saying, mother?"

"You had a dream of hope," said Aunt Leth, raising his hand to her lips and kissing it, "as you walked to the bank this morning."

"I do not remember what it was," he said helplessly; "only that an angel came forward and saved us."

Phoebe stole softly out of the room—so softly through the darkness that they did not for a little while observe her absence.

She went up to the bed-room occupied by her and Fanny. She wanted to be alone to think. What was it her uncle had said? That an angel had come forward and saved them! The words impressed themselves upon her mind.

How kind these dear ones had been to her from her earliest remembrance! Giving her ever of their best, eager that she should share their joys and pleasures, making dresses for her, and bringing light into her life, which but for them would have been utterly devoid of it. How sweet, how good they had been!

What had she given them in return? Nothing. True, they had not asked for anything, had not expected anything. All the more precious their tender services of love.

Their more than love. The unselfish sacrifices they had made for her, of which they spoke never a word. Not to be measured by a human standard.

It was only on the afternoon of this dolorous day that it had come to her knowledge that her aunt had paid a doctor's bill for her of some seven or eight pounds, and she knew that her illness must have considerably increased the household expenses of the once happy home, now on the point of being wrecked.

An angel had come forward to save them! No, not an angel, but a loving, grateful girl. It was in her power, at least, to make an effort which by a happy chance might be successful. She could go to her father and appeal to him. She would humble herself to him; she would implore him on her knees; she would promise to obey him in everything—

"In everything?" Yes, in everything. She shuddered as she thought of Jeremiah Pamflett. But even that sacrifice she would make, if all else failed.

The effort must be made at once—this very night—and it must be made without first consulting Aunt Leth. Full well did she know that the dear woman would divine the sacrifice she was prepared to make, and would endeavour to prevent it.

She put on her hat and mantle, and quietly left the house. A few doors down the street she met 'Melia-Jane.

"Why, Miss Phoebe!" cried that model servant of all work. "Where are you going all alone?"

"If my aunt or my cousin asks for me," said Phoebe, hurriedly, "tell them I have gone to Parksides to see my father."

Before 'Melia-Jane could reply Phoebe had turned the corner of the street, and was hastening to the railway station.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

CAPTAIN THE HON. ALFRED BYNG.

The Hon. Alfred John George Byng, late Captain 7th Hussars, died at Bretby Hall, near Burton-on-Trent, on Nov. 8. He was born in 1851, the second son of George Stevens, second Earl of Strafford, by Harriet Elizabeth, his second Countess, daughter of Charles, Lord Chesham. He entered the 7th Hussars in 1869, and served in the Zulu War of 1879, with the Field Force in Natal and the Transvaal, for which he had a medal with clasp. He was afterwards attached to the Vice-regal staff in Ireland as A.D.C., and gained universal esteem and popularity. His last appointment was that of A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada. Captain Byng married, Jan. 10, 1887, Lady Winifred Herbert, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon.

THE HON. HENRY COWPER.

The Hon. Henry Frederick Cowper, J.P. and D.L., heir presumptive to Earl Cowper, K.G., died at Panshanger, Hertford, on Nov. 10, aged fifty-one. He was second son of George Augustus Frederick, sixth Earl, by Anne Florence, his wife, Baroness Lucas, elder daughter and coheiress of Thomas Philip, Earl De Grey. He was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford, and sat for many years in the House of Commons for Hertfordshire from 1865 to 1885. In the latter year he contested unsuccessfully the East Division. By his decease, the present Lord Cowper and the present Lord Mount Temple are the last male descendants of the famous Lord Chancellor Cowper.

MAJOR PEPLOE.

Major Daniel Peploe Peploe, of Garnstone Castle, in the county of Hereford, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for that county from 1874 to 1880, died suddenly at Florence on Nov. 4. He was born Feb. 15, 1829, the eldest son of the late Rev. John Birch Peploe, Vicar of Weobley, who changed his name from Webb to Peploe on succeeding to the Garnstone estate, at the death of his brother. He was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1851, and entered the 4th Dragoon Guards, in which he attained the rank of major. He married June 26, 1860, Eliza Debonnaire, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart., and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Most Rev. Bernard Finegan, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Kilmore, consecrated June 13, 1886, on Nov. 11.

Lady James (Francis Isabella), wife of Sir John Kingston James, Bart., and daughter of Mr. T. F. Wilkinson, of Cahireilly Castle, county Limerick, on Nov. 5.

Mr. Harvie Morton Farquhar, second son of Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, second Baronet, on Nov. 11, at 11, Belgrave-square, aged seventy-one. He married the Hon. Louisa Harriet Ridley Colborne, daughter of Lord Colborne, and leaves issue.

Mr. H. W. Schneider, of Bells Field, Windermere, and Oaklea, Barrow, at one time M.P. for Norwich, on Nov. 11, in his sixty-eighth year. He was for many years a director of the Barrow Shipbuilding and Barrow Steel Works.

Colonel the Hon. Richard Taylor Rowley, youngest son of Clotworthy, Lord Langford, on Nov. 11, at Dunbar House, Esher, aged eighty. He was twice married—first, in June, 1835, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Shipton; and secondly, to Alice Henrietta, second daughter of Captain Hume Berners, R.N.

Mr. John Eveleigh Wyndham, M.A., of Sock Dennis, Somerset, J.P., at his residence, Clearwell Court, Coleford, on Nov. 9, in his seventy-fourth year. He was only son of the late Rev. John Heathcote Wyndham, Rector of Corton (fifth son of Mr. William Wyndham, of Dinton, Wilts.), by Jane Dorothy, his wife, only daughter of Dr. Eveleigh, Provost of Oriel College.

WILL OF LORD DE RAMSEY.

The will (dated June 25, 1883), with five codicils (dated Feb. 26, 1885; March 25, May 6, and Aug. 9, 1886; and March 25, 1887), of the Right Hon. Edward, Baron De Ramsey, J.P., late of No. 3, Belgrave-square, and Ramsey Abbey, Huntingdon, who died on Aug. 9 last, was proved on Nov. 12 by the Right Hon. Mary Julia, Dowager Baroness De Ramsey, the widow, and the Right Hon. William Henry, Baron De Ramsey, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £134,000. The testator gives £11,500, his house, No. 3, Belgrave-square, with the furniture and effects therein, and £3,500 a year to his said wife; £20,000 to his son, Captain Ailwyn E. Fellowes; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. H. L. Whately, and then to her children; £200 to the Hunstanton Convalescent Home; £1000 to the Huntingdon County Hospital (Huntingdon); £300 to the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution; £200 each to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Society for Promoting the Employment of Additional Curates in Populous Parts, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; and £100 to the Hospital for the Blind (Norwich). The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, William Henry, Baron De Ramsey.

A CASUAL WARD.

The recent spectacle of numbers of destitute people gathering at night in Trafalgar-square, who were supposed to have no place of shelter provided for them in London, called forth some discussion relative to the accommodation legally supplied by the Poor-Law guardians of the different Unions in the "casual wards" attached to the Union and parish workhouses, as well as the numerous "refuges" maintained by charitable associations, and the system of giving away tickets of admission to the cheap lodging-houses under official inspections. On the whole, there seems reason to believe that the amount of accommodation in London furnished by all these institutions together is amply sufficient for the aggregate number of the homeless, who consist partly of tramps, or strangers arriving in the metropolis from the country, and partly of those who have been compelled to quit their ordinary lodgings, too often by poverty, being unable to pay the weekly rent, besides some young persons who have left their families, or the service of their employers, and who are unable to find means of earning a separate livelihood. The temporary distress may be an equal reality in all these cases, and, though all are not alike deserving of charitable assistance, it is useful for public decency, as well as for the sake of humanity, that none should be permitted to lie in the streets and public places of a great city during the night. The Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police has given orders upon this subject, which will be strictly enforced, and the recognised agents of such institutions as the "London Samaritan Society," and others who distribute gratis tickets for the lodging-houses, should be doing useful work in supplementing the provision that is made at the several workhouses of London.

The lodging-houses to which the recipients of the Samaritan Society's tickets are sent are to be found by hundreds all over London, some of them so small as scarcely to accommodate a dozen inmates; others, like those in Great Peter-street, Westminster, built specially for the purpose, and having sleeping room for from two to three hundred people. Even in these temporary abodes there are degrees of poverty. A person who has no more than twopence must be content to pass the night on bare benches in a great room, cheered only by a fire. A little higher in the scale are the dormitories, admission to which costs threepence and fourpence, the fortunate possessor of fivepence or sixpence sharing a room with only three other occupants. In most of these places there is a kitchen, where the lodgers may cook any article of food they have bought outside, and a plentiful supply of water. These lodging-houses are—except the workhouse, to which so many refuse to go—the only refuge for such outcasts; and the societies which use these lodging-houses as the means for temporarily relieving distress deserve special support in this branch of their work. The police speak favourably of the system of distributing tickets as means not only of helping the people, but of clearing the places where they congregate.

With regard to the "casual wards" of the workhouses, in which food as well as a night's lodging is supplied, but where a certain amount of compulsory labour next morning is exacted of able-bodied persons, the question of their sufficiency has been raised in a light which would not be favourable to the working of the Poor-Law regulations if it were sustained by the facts; but the letters of Mr. W. M. Aeworth, in the *Times* of Nov. 10 and Nov. 15, and the evidence proffered by Mr. Cole, the master of the Fulham-road workhouse, at the Westminster Police-Court subsequently, go far to remove such an impression. The twenty-four casual wards of the metropolis contain, among them, between 1400 and 1500 beds. The largest number of inmates in any recent week appears, according to the Local Government Board returns, to have been 965, or, say, two beds occupied out of every three. But that was for the first week of October. For the fourth week of the month the number was 861. For the corresponding weeks of the two previous years the numbers were 715 and 702 respectively. On the last day of the month of October there were precisely 700 beds vacant in the metropolitan casual wards. Even the Shoe-lane ward, Fleet-street, which is usually full, had only thirty occupants for its ninety beds; while of those in the suburbs, Hampstead, with accommodation for nineteen, had but four inmates; and Wandsworth, with beds for 117, had no more than eleven. At St. George's, Hanover-square, shelter in the ward was offered to 150 persons, of whom only two accepted the offer. It is stated that two large casual wards, each of them with seventy to eighty beds, neither of which has probably ever been half-filled before, are full at the present moment. They are St. Giles's, off Drury-lane, and Lambeth. But St. Giles's has been filled by the action of the police themselves, who, in the first instance, distributed orders of admission.

Our Artist's Sketches, taken in one of the casual wards, represent some features of the treatment, the waiting for admission, the warm bath, which is compulsory, the disinfecting process applied to the clothes, which must also be a sanitary benefit, the feeding and sleeping arrangements, and finally the next day's task of stone-breaking, which, in some instances, is commuted to picking oakum. The Master of the Fulham Workhouse informed the police Magistrate, and brought five casuals to prove his statement, that on their admission, three or four or a dozen at a time, from nine o'clock to near eleven at night, as soon as possible good sleeping accommodation for all these men was found; and every one of them, when he came in, received five ounces of bread, half an ounce of butter, and a pint or a pint-and-a-half of tea for his supper. The large room with the stone floor, where most of the tramps were accommodated, had a large fire which was kept burning all night, and every casual was supplied with a bed and two rugs. The magistrate, Mr. Partridge, said he was very pleased to have heard so satisfactory an account of the matter.

Ready Dec. 5, 1887.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LAND OF THE QUEEN'S CAPTIVITY.

Built in the form of a square, and inclosing a court, Blairadam House, Kinross, is a strange old place, of more than ordinary interest. Its exterior appearance is plain, but inside, books, pictures, and busts indicate that their successive owners were persons of refinement and taste. It was here, in 1817, that the proprietor of Blairadam, himself a barrister and an antiquary, invited a certain Mr. Scott, a gentleman connected with the legal profession, who was known to take a deep interest in archaeology. Scott came, was shown the neighbourhood, and expressed himself highly gratified with what he saw. In 1820 a novel, by the "Author of 'Waverley,'" appeared, entitled "The Abbot," giving glowing descriptions of Loch Leven and some of the neighbouring scenery. From 1817 to 1831, when his health gave way, Scott continued to visit Blairadam every year, along with other friends of the proprietor, who formed themselves into the "Blairadam Antiquarian Club." Among other places, the club had excursions to Cauldron Linn, Castle Campbell, and the Rumbling Bridge. On one occasion Scott presented his host with a key of great size, said to be the key of the apartments in which Queen Mary was confined in Loch Leven. The authorship of "The Abbot" was a subject which created great interest at the time, and it was noticed that whenever the novel or Loch Leven was mentioned, Scott's countenance fell. Mr. Adam and his friends, suspecting that the author of "Waverley" was among them, had these suspicions confirmed one day. There is a rock in the neighbourhood, called Kiery Craigs, which the author of "Waverley" mentions, and which none but a person familiar with the place could have known the name of. Having climbed up to the top of this rock, one of the party said, "We are now on the top of Kiery Craigs," a remark that directed the attention of all present to Scott. The Wizard then looked demure, but his secret was out in spite of him.

The proprietors of Blairadam have given much attention to the cultivation of trees, and the appearance and enhanced value of the estate to-day proves the wisdom of their enterprise. The first tree planted, known as "Blairadam tree," was blown down on the night that the late proprietor left for India to enter upon the governorship of a province. This was regarded as an evil omen, and, unfortunately, the gentleman died at his post within twelve months.

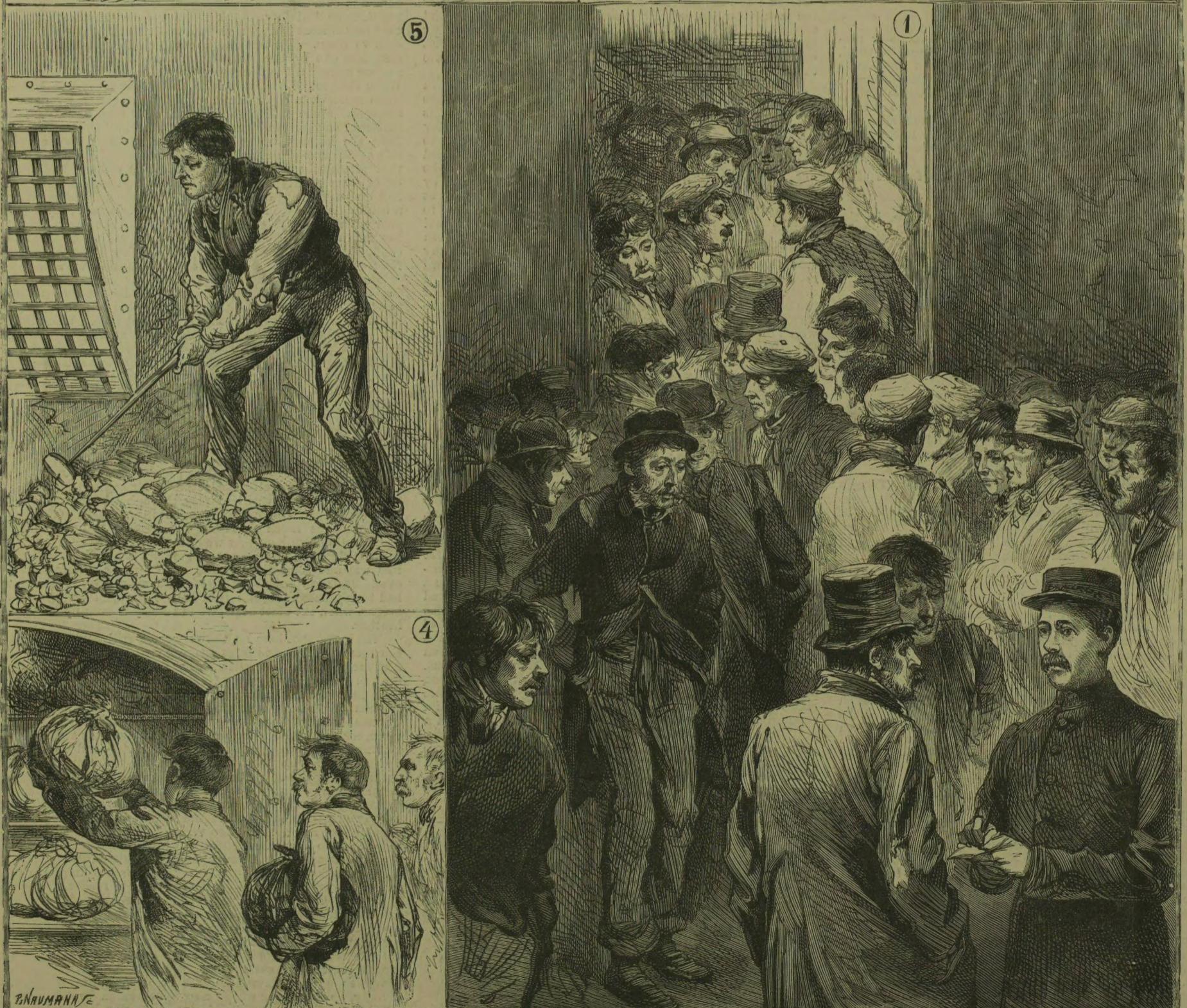
The high hill over there, from which we can obtain an excellent view of the neighbouring county, that is Bennarty. Although the day happens to be a little damp and hazy, there is pleasure in being abroad. Such weather seems to harmonise with the fallen and falling foliage. Nature delights in slight-of-hand; she performs her changes, as a rule, under cover of night, or on dull days. Look at the scores of chestnuts under that magnificent tree, which fell when there was no eye to observe them. The red berries on the wild rose-bushes will disappear one by one, but you never see a berry drop. They go, you cannot tell where; yet, be sure, Nature cares for them. When the ground is soft, as it is to-day, she takes and buries them secretly, to rise again in spring at her call marvellously changed. Some will fall short of their true destiny, as a matter of course. Individual failures affect all things created, from the highest to the lowest. The neglected well at the side of the lane there had the honour of supplying the water that refreshed a fainting Queen, when she escaped from one set of captors, only to be taken by other captors less merciful. Not long ago the waters of the same well were illuminated by a bonfire on the top of Bennarty, reared to celebrate the fiftieth year of another Queen's peaceful reign. Poor Queen Mary! Let us climb up the side of Bennarty, and see where she was confined. The cruel waters that hemmed her in—now famed for trout—are turned to better account than they were then.

Bennarty is already changing its gay summer raiment for sombre shades. The bracken under the trees are twisted and broken, and the rabbits which made them their shelter now keep close to some convenient hole. When they see you approach they run in, and stamp angrily with their hind legs, producing a series of audible taps. A short time ago and they frisked and gamboled as if life was intended for play, but now they look serious enough. The birds, too, have mostly ceased to sing, their ruffled feathers and dejected air being suggestive of a consciousness of coming hardships. There is something pathetic in this, and it is equally noticeable in the vegetable kingdom. The big trees of the wood look mournful. But what of the puny fellows whose very existence would have escaped detection a month earlier? Covered over, out of sight by their prosperous neighbours then, they are now seen, half-naked, stunted, struggling specimens, that might send a thrill of pity through the successful of their own kind. Overcrowding and its consequent evils tells in a wood as much as in a city. Neither is irremediable disaster unknown here. As we near the top of Bennarty large trees lie torn up by the roots and others snapped, some lying this way and some that, according to how they were blown over. The crown of the hill, although apparently it likewise had been planted, is quite bald except for heather. At this height, when the blast beats, we can fancy it even uproots the heather.

The burnt spot here on the very crest, still covered with a thickness of ashes, indicates where the Jubilee bonfire stood. And far down in the hollow, Loch Leven, half concealed by mist, is crossed by a gleam of sunshine that lasts for only a moment, but sufficiently long to show its prison-island, with two smaller islands adjoining. To moralise on the captive Queen's eventful life, and especially her confinement down there, seems an imperative necessity. But what is that object moving among the short heather? A robin—and unable to fly! We pick up the little red-breasted unfortunate, with the large, wondering eyes, and forget the suffering Sovereign in the suffering bird. There is at least this much in common between a Queen, a robin, and ourselves, that we are all subject to the vicissitudes of fortune. And who will say that the robin feels its own reverses less than we feel ours? You have only to look at the beautiful, confiding eyes to be convinced that the expression comes from a tender, loving heart. Kindly actions should be natural to their owner, is our impression; and we act on that impression by resolving to render kindness in return. The story of "The Babes in the Wood," if not actually true, is, we are assured, at least no outrage upon probability. And this relative of the kind-hearted robins that covered the children with leaves, who looks so faint and weary, with its tail and drooping wings wet and dirty, making it a pitiable object, we carry home. Perhaps he thinks he has met with a Good Samaritan, for he seems quite resigned. Usually, he spends the winter near some human dwelling, and possibly now reproaches himself for not having left the woods sooner.

Washed, dressed, and fed, the robin soon regains his wonted vivacity, and, on being taken outside to be set at liberty, flies away among some bushes, and chirps, "Thank you; very much obliged!" When he is gone, we are back once more, following the fortunes of Queen Mary, along with Scott. The mist thickens, and rain begins to fall, as in imagination we look down from Bennarty, and, with all Scotland of a past age, strain our eyes towards Loch Leven.

J. S.



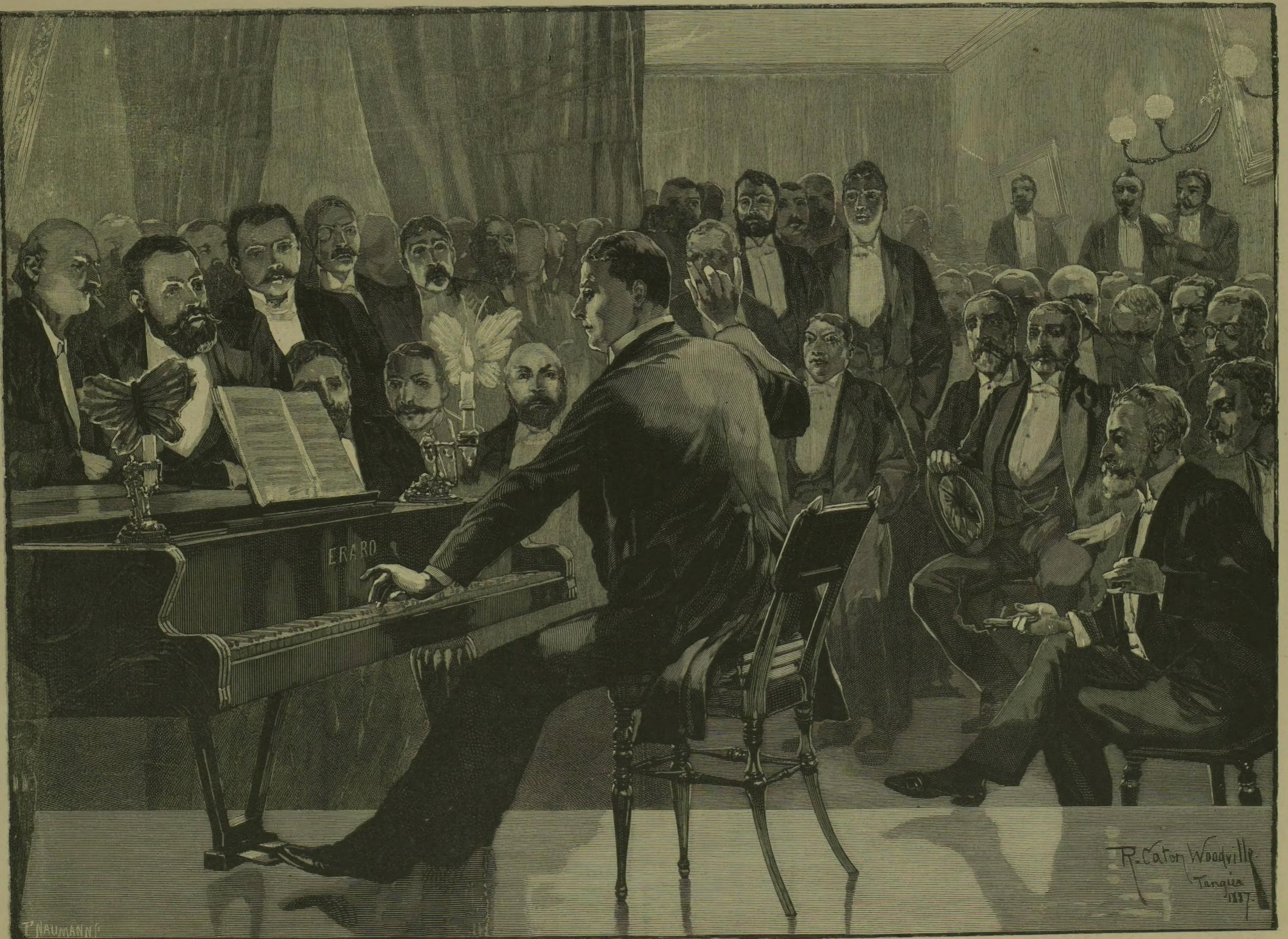
1. Waiting for admission.

2. Bath-room.

3. Sleeping-cells.

4. Disinfecting-room.

5. Stone-breaking.



A MEETING OF THE LYRIC CLUB.

NOVELS.

Like and Unlike. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. Three vols. (Spencer Blackett, successor to J. and R. Maxwell).—It was more than a quarter of a century ago that Miss Braddon startled the novel-reading part of the world by her first conspicuous literary performance. She is credited with the production of fifty stories: we cannot positively attest the merits of all these, but we do not think any one of them could be dull. Few writers of fiction have had more power of sustaining the main interest of a narrative by the apparently natural sequence of its incidents, avoiding needless episodes, laboured descriptions, and ethical or satirical comments. She makes it her business to tell the story, and her faculty of inventing fresh stories has not been exhausted. "Like and Unlike," which we find a very good one, composed with artistic mastery of its plot and figures, and inspired by high moral sentiment which does not vent itself in preaching, is the story of two brothers. Sir Adrian Belfield and Valentine are only alike in face. The Baronet is not strong in health, domestic, quiet, and studious in his tastes and habits; while the younger brother is a bold rider, a restless and reckless seeker of excitement, and intent on self-gratification. Their mother, the widowed Lady Belfield, a beautiful womanly character, whose gracious presence is felt with hallowing and purifying influence throughout the story, has the elder son always with her, and relies securely on his fine sense of honour and duty. The self-willed and passionate wildness of Valentine, though she is slow to perceive his worst faults, is a cause of anxiety; but the peaceful and affectionate relations of the family have never been disturbed. One of their neighbours in Devonshire, Colonel Deverill, an Irishman, has two motherless daughters—namely, Mrs. Baddeley, whose husband is in India, and Helen Deverill, both lively, gay, and attractive young women, but "fast" in their manners. During the absence of Valentine, Sir Adrian becomes acquainted with them, and is fascinated by the charms of Helen. She, having little sincerity and no principle, coveting only pleasure and sport, rather despising the invalid country gentleman who cannot accompany her in the hunting-field, nevertheless willingly accepts him for the sake of his wealth and position. In this engagement she is encouraged by her father, a selfish idler of ruined fortunes, and by her sister, an extravagant and dishonest woman, leading a perilous life in the London fashionable world. Lady Belfield, trusting in Adrian and hoping that Helen will grow more steady, receives her with motherly kindness, and the marriage is about to take place. But Valentine arrives; he instantly becomes enamoured of his intended sister-in-law, who, for her part, contrasts his robust and athletic person, and his rather insolent boast of superior manhood, with the gentleness and refinement which she is unable to appreciate in Adrian's nobler character. Her flirtation with Valentine soon leads to secret conversations in which he urges her to break off the marriage with his brother. Adrian is warned of this intrigue by a female servant, Madge Darley, who is one of the most remarkable personages in the story. Madge has been brought up by her old grandfather, a poor basket-maker, in a lonely cottage on the estate; she is the illegitimate child of his daughter, who has gone to London to live in mercenary profligacy; but this girl, under the stern rule of the old man, and with some teaching in the parish church school and from the excellent clergyman, has learnt the worth of virtue. She has indignantly repelled Valentine in a former attempt of his to seduce her; she is grateful to Lady Belfield and Sir Adrian for much kindness to her, which she repays by putting Adrian on his guard against the falsehood of his intended wife. On making this painful discovery, he of course gives her up, but with generous forgiveness of the injury, while the mother, though deeply grieved for Adrian's sake, permits and countenances the marriage of Helen to Valentine, stinting her own income to make them a sufficient settlement for life. Adrian travels abroad for two years; in the meantime, Valentine and Helen, after spending six months in Switzerland and Italy, come to reside in London. The happiness of their union, as it was based on no firm principle of mutual duty, and as both were self-indulgent, could not be lasting. Valentine neglects his wife, gives way to intemperance and loose company, gambles and loses money at cards and on the turf. Helen is taken by Mrs. Baddeley into a kind of gay society not favourable to wifely constancy, and finally avenges herself on a truant husband by listening to Lord St. Austell, a practised and notorious seducer. She goes down to Belfield Abbey, with an arrangement to elope from that house with St. Austell, under cover of a pretended telegram from her husband recalling her to town. Valentine, who was at York Races, is accidentally roused to suspicion, hastens after her, arrives and enters the house late at night, known only to his brother Adrian. Finding his wife in the act of preparing for her guilty flight, which she avows without shame or regret, he, in a sudden access of fury, strikes her on the head, and she is killed, for he had a loaded cane in his hand. The noise of her fall brings up Adrian from the room below; he implores his brother to let him call the household and the neighbours, to confess his rash and terrible misdeed, and to take his trial for manslaughter. Valentine, though full of remorse and horror, insists on concealing the death, and carries poor Helen's body into the park, and casts it into a deep pool. The acquiescence of Adrian in this criminal concealment, and his silence about it for six months afterwards, supported by false statements, and even perjury at an inquest, when the corpse is found, are the most affecting part of the story. He is a man of the purest integrity, and he has ample moral courage, were only his own safety and reputation concerned; it is for his mother's sake, rather than for his brother's, that he does wrong, to spare her the dreadful knowledge of such a crime done by her favourite son. As for Valentine, feeling the brand of Cain upon his brow, he wanders to and fro, while Helen is believed to be still living, and to have gone abroad with Lord St. Austell. But, after a time, St. Austell reappears in society and denies that she has been with him; and the suspicion arises that she has perished by suicide or murder. When search is made, and evidence gathered, proving the fact of murder, Sir Adrian is arrested on the charge of being an accessory after the fact, but is released on Valentine giving himself up to justice with a true and exact confession to suffer imprisonment, which he does not long survive. The secondary passages of this tale are not unworthy of its high tone in general. Valentine has an opportunity of witnessing, in his days of repentance, Madge Darley's labours with a religious sisterhood in Lissom-grove for the restoration of fallen women. She has gone to it from tending the death-bed of her penitent mother. In contrast with such a mission, which is described with perfect simplicity, there is a finished portraiture of utter worldliness, descending to extreme baseness, in the conduct of Mrs. Baddeley, who is not "a fallen woman," but a woman devoid of the sense of honour and delicacy, and corrupt in heart. The moral teaching of this novel lies wholly in the working out of individual characters, and is the more powerful as it is free from cant.

The New Antigone: a Romance. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—It is not obvious that the situation and conduct of

Hippolyta Valence, the heroine of this story, bear any precise resemblance to that of the noble Grecian maiden, the daughter of blind and wandering Edipus, in two of the sublimest tragedies dictated by the Attic Muse. Hippolyta, indeed, has a father, who is an implacable fanatic and conspirator of the Anarchist Revolution in modern Europe; she has also a brother, known as Ivor Mardol, whose relationship to herself is concealed from both of them until near the hour of his death. But the false idea of duty and honour, to which she makes herself a martyr, is neither that of filial nor of sisterly affection; it is the notion, fostered by a pernicious education, that legal bonds of marriage are unrighteous and injurious to the welfare of humanity. She is of half-foreign parentage, and has been brought up by Colonel Valence in utter ignorance of the Christian religion, but in severe adherence to high principles of Stoic morality, and in entire purity of feeling. Residing in a secluded home on the south coast of England, she is accidentally found by Rupert Glanville, an accomplished and fashionable artist, who has been engaged to adorn Lord Trelingham's mansion with frescoes of the Arthurian legend. His Lordship's daughter, Lady May Davenport, has her portrait taken by the artist to supply the face of the principal figure in a Spanish altar picture of the celestial glories of the Virgin, the cherished possession of the Trelingham gallery, which has been damaged by a fall, and which Glanville is asked to restore. Lady May falls in love with the painter, who gives her no encouragement, though he is, during a few weeks, rather fascinated by her commanding beauty. When he meets Hippolyta, a new and ardent passion overcomes him, which he declares to her at a grand fancy costume ball, with tableaux vivants of the King Arthur stories, got up at Trelingham Hall. There was, formerly, a connection, now ignored, between the families of Colonel Valence and Lord Trelingham: a sister of the Earl had married the Colonel, to the grief and anger of her relatives, and had long since died; but Hippolyta is the Colonel's daughter by a Spanish mother. Valence has for thirty years past been deeply involved in all the dark plots of the Red Republican Socialists, and is now suddenly called away on their mysterious business, leaving his motherless daughter quite alone. Rupert has returned to his usual residence in London, after plighting vows of love with Hippolyta; he is surprised and perplexed by her following him, and by her demanding to be received as his companion for life. Taking her stand on the principles which she has been taught by her father and his associates, in their enthusiastic hostility to the laws and customs of Christendom, she obstinately refuses to undergo the forms of marriage, either in church or before the registrar of a civil union. She threatens instant suicide, if her lover will not take her at once. Glanville, a man of honour, a man of the world, loving Hippolyta sincerely, but respecting her sex and dreading to expose her to evil consequences, in vain opposes, remonstrates, and for some hours resists her mad proposal. Her father has disappeared, she has no other friends, and her lover, after violent strife of heart and conscience, yields to her wilful determination. They live together, in the closest retirement, under an assumed name, in a village near London, and no husband and wife can be more faithfully devoted to each other. All these passages of the story are related by the author in a tone of earnest disapproval and regret, with a strong conviction of the moral error, and with such delicacy that the most sensitive reader cannot be offended. The mutual intention of Rupert and Hippolyta is to preserve absolute fidelity in their union for life; while he, for his part, is ever watching for an opportunity to prevail over her mistaken scruples, which he curses in his heart, and to induce her to accept a legal sanction. It is hard to give the name of unchastity to behaviour inspired by these lofty motives; but the writer seems justly anxious to uphold, above all, the social duty of tolerating no such kind of life outside the guarantee of salutary institutions of universal obligation. We may conceive, however, that this sound rule might have been more gently vindicated, if Hippolyta were represented as finally consenting to marriage, in the prospect of maternity, for the sake of her expected offspring; and that the womanliness of her character, in which there is no alloy of levity or inconstancy, would be enhanced by such a representation. The story would, in taking that natural and more probable turn, have appeared more favourable to true feminine virtue than it actually does appear, in our judgment, as here narrated; for though Hippolyta repents and atones for her transgression, she takes a wrong course in the opposite direction. Having become interested in the case of a weak and foolish girl, who has been seduced from her home in the village, Hippolyta is led first to see the necessity and the sacredness, on merely human grounds, of the marriage custom, and to feel that she is guilty of herself breaking an essential law of morality; she is next subdued by the imposing ritual, music, prayers, and sermon at a Roman Catholic church, and suddenly devotes herself to the romantic service of a religious convent, quitting Glanville's house that she may become a nun. She would surely have acted a better part by remaining with him and being his lawful wife. The third volume of this novel is a great disappointment, from the unhappy misdirection of purpose to which we have referred and which plunges the narrative into a series of extravagant absurdities, contrasting violently with the simple movement of events in the first and second volumes. Fancy runs very wild in the descriptions of the secret conclaves of the Nihilists, the dinner-party of their aristocratic patrons at the house of the Duke of Adullam, the interior of a Spanish nunnery whose inmates freely converse with gentlemen visitors, and the tumultuous scene of drowning, or half-drowning, several persons at once in the adjacent lake. The manner in which Hippolyta, Rupert Glanville, and Lady May are finally disposed of, is profoundly unsatisfactory to our sense of right. If readers will take our advice, by perusing two-thirds of the story and leaving the third part unread, they will find it, so far, decidedly interesting, and will appreciate the grace of style, and the refinement of ideas and of sentiment, which it exhibits in a high degree, lacking only a saving addition of plain common-sense.

The new season at Hengler's Circus was begun on Nov. 12, when a varied and attractive programme was presented.

The *World*, under the smart editorship of Mr. Edmund Yates, presents us with a bright Christmas Number remarkable for a neatly narrated "Society" novelette, "The Lost Duchess," by Major Arthur Griffiths. This readable story of "modern manners" is embellished with a profusion of sketches in pen and ink by that adroit caricaturist, Mr. Alfred Bryan, who also contributes four characteristic drawings of the seasons, abounding in good likenesses of notable personages.

The committee of management of the Royal Academy of Music have resolved to give themselves time to consider the question of a successor to the late Sir George Macfarren, and in the interim they have appointed three of the senior professors of the institution as an ad interim committee to undertake the duties of principal. These are Mr. Walter Macfarren, who for forty-one years; M. Sainton, for forty-two years; and Dr. Steggall, for thirty-seven years, have been members of the professional staff of the Academy.

THE LYRIC CLUB.

London possesses clubs of every description; politics, science, art, literature, and sport, have each been provided with this accommodation for their respective votaries; nor is music neglected. Our illustration of a smoking-concert at the Lyric Club, which was founded a few years since for the furtherance of musical interests alone, will recall to some readers the many pleasant evenings passed there. The central figure is Mr. Corney Grain seated at the piano, entertaining a delighted audience, among whom may be recognised his friendly rival, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Robert S. Gardiner, chairman of the committee, and other patrons of art, well-known habitués of the club. Most of the leading members of the musical profession, and musical amateurs, are occasionally to be seen at these concerts. One of the principal objects of the Lyric Club is to afford opportunities to promising aspirants from the various academies and schools of music of appearing before an influential and critical audience.

MUSIC.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts entered on their new season at St. James's Hall on Nov. 10—too late for notice until now. The first of a series of six concerts was appropriated to performances of Dr. Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode," and Dvorák's cantata, "The Spectre's Bride." Both these works have been commented on, the latter more than once. The ode was produced at the Crystal Palace in June last, its performance having proved more effective on the recent occasion at St. James's Hall, where the important soprano solos were again finely sung by Madame Albani, those for the tenor having been transferred to Mr. Harper Kearton. The cantata was composed for the Birmingham Festival of 1885, and was soon afterwards given in several other localities. Its recent performance had again the advantage of the co-operation of Madame Albani and Mr. Santley, the tenor solo music (originally rendered by the late Mr. Maas) having in this instance been assigned to Mr. H. Kearton. The elaborate and picturesque orchestral details, and the impressive choral writing, with the general tone of romanticism in the music, again proved highly effective. During the evening Handel's Dead March in "Saul" was played, in tribute to the memory of Sir G. A. Macfarren and Madame Lind-Goldschmidt. Mr. Randegger conducted ably.

"Elijah" was performed at St. James's Hall on Saturday, Nov. 12, by the Royal Society of Musicians, in aid of the funds of that excellent institution. For many years "The Messiah" was annually given for the same purpose, but a change of oratorio was considered advisable. It will suffice to say that on the occasion now referred to the principal solo music was generally well rendered by Misses A. Williams, Ambler, H. Wilson, and A. Suter; Mr. H. Piercy, Mr. A. Thompson, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Santley. The orchestral details (Mr. Carrodus being the leading violinist) were more uniformly satisfactory than the choral performances. The Dead March in "Saul" was played in memory of the recent losses in our musical world. Mr. W. H. Cummings conducted. Miss Suter (who, we believe, made her public début on this occasion) produced a very favourable impression by the display of an agreeable voice and refined style, notwithstanding the nervousness natural to a first appearance.

The London Symphony Concerts, conducted by Mr. Henschel, have entered on their second season at St. James's Hall. The programme, although of varied interest, presented little that calls for specific comment.

Her Majesty's Theatre was reopened on Saturday, Nov. 12, for a new series of promenade concerts, with Mr. Van Biene as conductor. A full and efficient orchestra performed pieces in the classical and popular styles, and vocal solos were more or less effectively contributed by Mdlle. Elly Warnots, Misses Florence St. John and A. Lincoln, and others. A specialty of the evening was Mr. Van Biene's spirited vocal waltz, entitled "Laughing Beauties," sung by a choir of ladies in costume. Mdlle. Murkens—a clever young violinist—was well received in her execution of a fantasia by Sarasate; and the programme also included violoncello and flute solos, executed, respectively, by Mr. Van Biene and Mr. A. Collard, and other items too numerous for specification. There was a good attendance, and doubtless the concerts will continue to prove attractive.

The Sacred Harmonic Society inaugurated a new season at St. James's Hall on Nov. 17 with performances of Signor Bottesini's oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet" (produced at the Norwich Festival), Mr. Cusins's Jubilee cantata and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion."

Madame Adelina Patti was announced to appear at a concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Nov. 16; it being one of her farewell performances before her approaching departure to fulfil her transatlantic engagements.

The extra pianoforte recital given by young Josef Hofmann on Nov. 7 exercised such undiminished attraction that another farewell performance took place at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, Nov. 14, when, as before, there was an overwhelming attendance; and his extraordinary performances of classical and brilliant pieces were enthusiastically received. He will soon be heard in America, and it is to be hoped will return to us next season, after an interval of healthful leisure.

The concert of the students of the Royal College of Music on Nov. 10 was given in honour of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren, the programme having consisted almost entirely of compositions by the deceased musician.

The London Wind Instrument Union began a series of six concerts on Nov. 11 at the Continental Gallery, New Bond-street. The names of the artists associated with the respective instruments—flute, Mr. J. Radcliffe; oboe, M. Lebon; clarinet, Señor Gomez; horn, Mr. T. E. Mann; bassoon, Mr. W. B. Wotton; and pianoforte, Signor Carlo Ducci—are sufficient guarantees for efficient performances. The first programme included Onslow's quintet for wind instruments, and that by Beethoven for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; Weber's duet for clarinet and pianoforte; and vocal pieces rendered by Madame Belle Cole, the American contralto.

Mr. Gilbert's and Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic opera "Ruddigore" has been transferred to the Crystal Palace, on the revival of their earlier work of the kind, "H.M.S. Pinafore," at the Savoy Theatre.

The extinction of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir is a matter of regret to those who have appreciated the fine performances which were, for many years, among the important specialties of London music. Compensation for the loss may, it is to be hoped, be found in the fact that Mr. John Boosey has organised an effective body of choristers—in association with his renowned London Ballad Concerts—by whom concerted vocal music of various styles and schools will be performed, under the direction of Mr. Josiah Booth, whose name is favourably known in association with choral performances. The first concert of the new series will take place on Nov. 23.

Mr. Barton McGuckin has recently made a very successful commencement of his American engagement by his appearance as Lohengrin, in which he was very favourably received.

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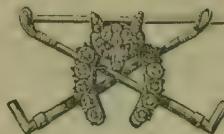
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THE LATE MAJOR KENNEDY.



THE LATE LORD WOLVERTON.

THE LATE MAJOR KENNEDY.

This distinguished officer of the Madras Staff Corps, who was recently Commandant of Hyderabad, was killed on Oct. 16, with Captain Beville, at Chitbyin, in the Chindwin district of Upper Burmah, in conflict with a party of dacoits. The action was sharp, and Captain Beville was first shot, while standing in front of his men and encouraging them, by an insurgent posted on the roof of the pagoda; he only survived a few minutes. Major Kennedy was wounded later on, the bullet shattering his right elbow. He lived several hours after being wounded, and was removed to a distance, but he bled to death. Had medical assistance been available his life would probably have been saved.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of India.

A contest between horsemen and bicyclists, which had been proceeding for a week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was brought to a conclusion on Nov. 12. The horsemen won by a trifle over two miles, having traversed a little more than 814 miles.

Lord Magheramorno has been re-elected Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works for the eighteenth year. In reviewing the work of the Board for the past year, his Lordship mentioned that the purification of the sewage, the construction of the Blackwall tunnel, and other works in hand were progressing satisfactorily.

THE LATE LORD WOLVERTON.

The Obituary notices of Nov. 12 recorded the death, on Nov. 6, of this nobleman, who was an active and zealous member of the Liberal party, and an adherent of Mr. Gladstone in his recent Irish policy. The Right Hon. George Grenfell Glyn, Baron Wolverton, of Wolverton, Bucks, was eldest son of George Carr, first Baron, by Marianne, daughter of the late Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., of Taplow House, Bucks. He was born in London in 1824, was educated at Rugby school, and was admitted to a partnership in the banking-house of Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. He married Georgiana Maria, daughter of the Rev. George Tufnell, of Uffington, Berks. Mr. Glyn entered the House of Commons as member for Shaftesbury in 1857, and continued to represent that borough until 1873. The confidence reposed in his tact and business qualities was shown by his appointment as Patronage Secretary to the Treasury in December, 1868. He discharged the duties of his office to the satisfaction of his party nearly five years. The death of his father, George Carr, first Lord Wolverton, in August, 1873, compelled Mr. Glyn to vacate his seat in the Lower House. In 1873, Lord Wolverton became a member of the Privy Council. On Mr. Gladstone's return to office in 1880, Lord Wolverton was appointed Paymaster-General, and he held that office in the second Gladstone Ministry. In the brief Administration of 1886 he was Postmaster-General.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

A DINNER-PARTY.

The hospitable little girl whose bounty entertains animals of different races and dispositions at a common platter, in the back garden of her parents' house, evidently considers them all members of one family, as they belong to the same household. The dog is too good-natured, and too entirely in sympathy with his generous young mistress, to forbid the kittens a share of his repast, and they do not seem much afraid, having probably often before taken their meals in his friendly company. This agreeable subject is nicely treated by the artist, C. Reichert, in the picture which we have engraved from the photograph by M. Frankenstein and Co.

In his capacity of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goschen presided on Nov. 12, at the ceremony of nominating the Sheriffs for England and Wales, with the exception of London and Middlesex and the counties of Cornwall and Lancaster, for the year 1888. The proceedings, as usual, took place in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. Several gentlemen asked to be excused on the ground of ill-health, and others on the plea that the existing depression in the state of agriculture had so seriously diminished their incomes as to render them unable to bear the expense of the office. In all but one or two instances the excuses were accepted. Three names were returned for each county, of which one—as a rule, the first—will be selected by her Majesty in March next.



EARLY DINNER.—FROM A PICTURE BY C. REICHERT.

MEISSONIER IN THE "ART ANNUAL," 1887.

The series of art annuals or Christmas numbers issued by the proprietors of the *Art Journal*, if continued in the excellent style of those already published, will form a most valuable addition to the history of contemporary art, as well as a charming gift-book for the student or connoisseur. Those already issued consist of the life and works of Sir J. E. Millais, of Sir F. Leighton, and of L. Alma Tadema. This year's number is devoted to the life and works of the famous French painter J. L. E. Meissonier, and is profusely illustrated with engravings from many of his pictures. There is an interesting biography of the artist, written by Mr. Lionel Robinson, together with a critical and descriptive account of his principal works, supplemented by a chronological list of his pictures, and the names of their present owners as far as can be ascertained. The events of a modern artist's life do not usually afford much scope for his biographer. After description and criticism there is not much to tell beyond detailing the artist's rise from obscurity to eminence. All that is known about Meissonier is told by Mr. Robinson with satisfactory completeness, accompanied by a clear and discriminating commentary on his work and genius. The date of Meissonier's birth has been variously given, but Mr. Robinson says he was born at Lyons, Feb. 21, 1815. While very young his father removed to Paris, where the future artist was sent to school, and, as is usual with incipient genius, he showed more skill in covering his copy-books with sketches than in acquiring book knowledge. After some hesitation, his father allowed him to take drawing-lessons, and in the intervals of study he undertook the painting of fans, missals, Scripture cards, and emblems for the booksellers. Encouraged by Tony Johannot, the most successful book illustrator of that day, he took to drawing on wood, thus adding one of the most illustrious names to the list of painters who began their career as wood-draughtsmen. Among the works mentioned by Mr. Robinson to which Meissonier contributed drawings on wood we do not find the *Magasin Pittoresque*. The success of the *Penny Magazine* in London stimulated the Paris booksellers to do something like it, and the *Magasin Pittoresque* was brought out. To this magazine Meissonier contributed, and in the volume for 1834 or 1835 will be found a bold and vigorous woodcut, with his name in full in the corner, representing a combat between a man and a dog, illustrating the story of the "Dog of Montargis." It is interesting to find this eminent French artist thus early in his career contributing to the popular literature of the day. He continued to be an illustrator of books for thirty years, and, at the same time, his reputation as a painter was steadily advancing. He exhibited for the first time in the Salon in 1834, when he was nineteen.

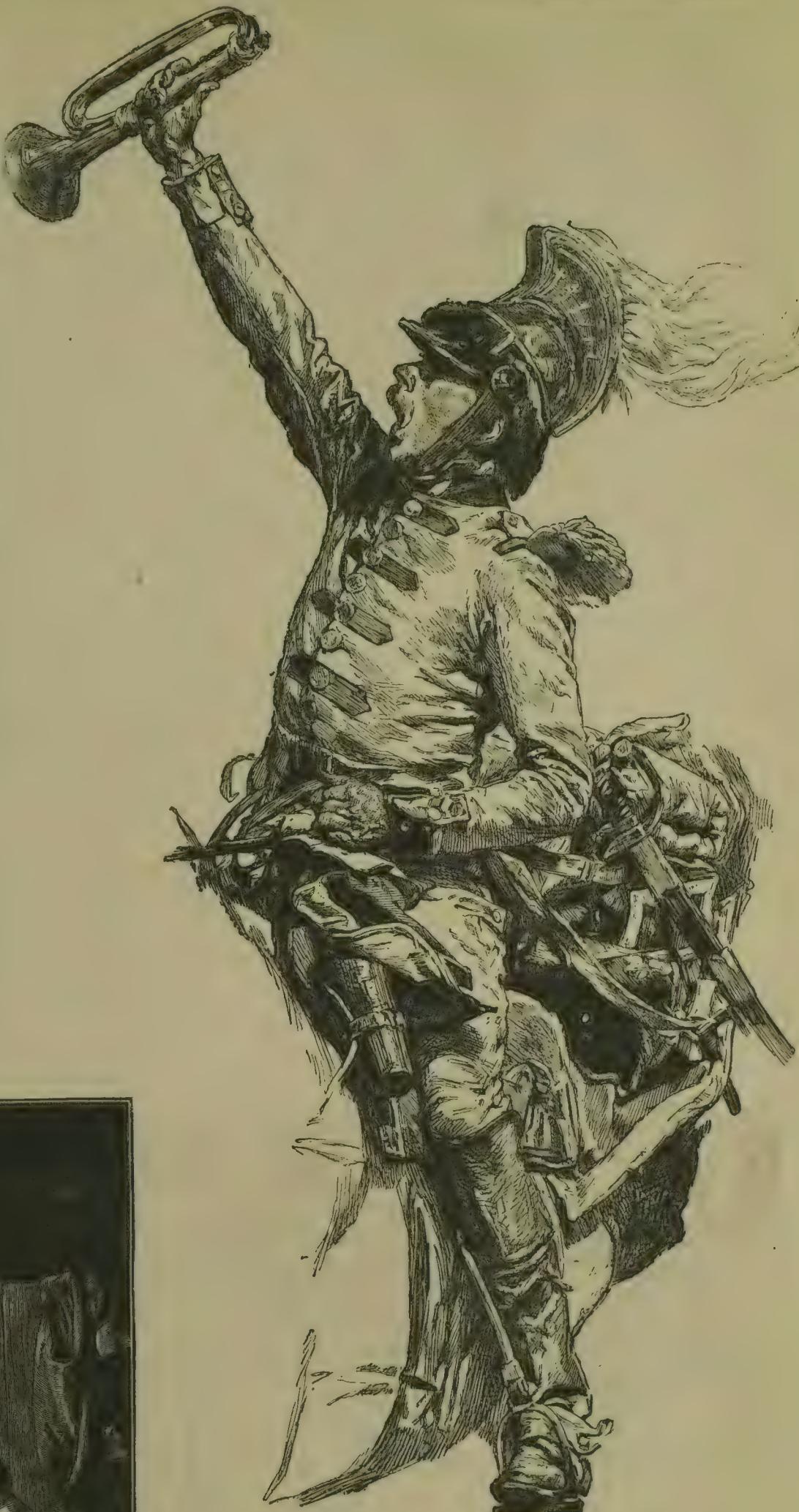
Meissonier is a little man, with bushy beard and whiskers, giving him a fierce appearance, which, however, is wholly belied by his character, which is gentle and retiring. He has a splendid house in Paris, and another at the village of Poissy, where, it is said, he delights to exercise the functions of Mayor. For further information about this most interesting painter the reader is referred to the "Art Annual," which is copiously illustrated with steel-engravings, photogravures, and woodcuts from the artist's works. The frontispiece is a photogravure of "La Rixe" which was painted in 1854, and presented by the Emperor Napoleon to the late Prince Consort, then his guest. There is also an excellent steel-engraving, "Waiting an Audience," and capital woodcuts of "Campagne de France" and of the stirring picture "1807." We have been permitted to reproduce two of the illustrations on this page.

ACROSS THE FORTH.

Merrily the waves leap and laugh in the bright sunshine this morning at the pier of Leith, while clean and neat above lie the sea-facing streets of the little town, swept as they have been all night long by the strong cool breath of ocean. Never a cobweb can enwrap the brain on such a morning, and the spirit "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" has its doleful cloud driven to shreds by the breeze, and catches enthusiasm unaware from the glad leaping life of the sea. The lowliest toil becomes lightsome in the face of such air and sun, and the sallow city mechanic would be surprised to discover how sweet indeed labour were he to exchange work for a month with one of these tan-skinned fellows unshipping a cargo of Norway pine. Of sturdy race are the frequent Newhaven fish-wives to be seen, their high-kilted petticoats displaying the trimmest of ankles, while the broad band



CARD PLAYERS.—PICTURE BY MEISSONIER.



SKETCH FOR FIGURE IN MEISSONIER'S PICTURE, "1807."

across their brows supports a heavy creel of cod or haddock. Bluff sailors, darkly clad—huge Danes, fair Swedes, and freckled Scotchmen—lounge smoking about the doorways of the little inns; while frank ships' captains and careful merchants' clerks stir to and fro intent upon business. For, amid all the freshness of sunshine and sea-wind, a great trade passes through the town. The long, low Russian liner, yonder, is discharging a cargo of hides and tallow and Archangel tar. High on the wharf, here, lies the fragrant freight of more than one timber-ship from Norway; and close by, with steam up and the blue-peter flying at her mast-head, the Rotterdam packet is awaiting the opening of the tidal dock-gates. The little round red Dutch cheeses come here in thousands, with yellow hemp in bales from the Baltic, and shiploads of golden Muscovite corn.

A thriving place, indeed, is this Piraeus of the "Modern Athens," receiving through its sea-gates argosies filled with the wealth of the North and the East—a place, too, that has a page of its own in history, amid the stirring scenes of the past. Doubtless its aspect is much changed since the day when the fleet of Henry VIII., anchoring in the firth, burnt port and capital as an inducement to the Scots' nation to marry their infant Queen to his son. But from the deck of the little passenger steamer, when it has made its way out for a mile upon the dancing waters of the estuary, the scene must possess much yet of the look it had when Cromwell, a hundred years later, threw up Wharf against the Loyalist forces his grassy earthworks yonder on the links of Leith. Wharf and warehouse and pier, it is true, have arisen in modern days to wed the sea-port to the sea; but behind, rising above her thin wreathing scarf of blue mist, still sits upon her throne as of old the Royal city, crowned with her diadem of towers; while near her, sombre and vast against the heavens, stands unmoved the mystic Arthur's Seat, beneath whose shadow and at whose feet, in the Palace of Holyrood, passed long ago the pomps and tragedies, courtly and grim, of the Stuart race of Kings.

Well may the hearts of the North take pride in their ancient capital, for few cities remain for their people the home of more thrilling memories; and he who has once, from the Waverley Bridge on a frosty autumn night, seen the moon rise into the blue behind the dark and broken sky-line of the old-town roofs will

carry for ever in his heart at least one picture of surpassing witchery.

A goodly sight this morning is the city seated there in the autumn sunshine, like a listening Queen, her charms the fairer that they are half veiled by the wreathing mists; while the firth at her feet, like a gallant courtier, flashes his sapphires and his pearls. But many and dark have been the storms that, in times past, have gathered to overwhelm her; and wild more than once against her peace has been the menace of these lordly waters. Dark, indeed, was the shadow of that March night on the firth here, as well as over the fortunes of Scotland, when Alexander III., the last of her Celtic kings, fell with his horse over the King's Crag yonder, on the Fifeshire shore, bequeathing to his hapless country the dire Wars of Succession. And wildly raged the waters on that long-gone day when "five and fifty Scots lords' sons," returning from their Princess's marriage with Eric of Norway, went down in the good ship of Sir Patrick Spens. As the fine old ballad says:—

The lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurdy grew the sea.

There is peace, however, in air and on earth this morning, and, from the dome of the sentinel Bass far out in the offing eastward to the spider-web meshes of the great sea-bridge being woven across the firth inland at Queensferry, no promise of gloom darkens the bright-lipped laughter of ocean. Even the heart of the old blind fiddler on the steamer's deck grows merry as he feels the sunny warmth upon his cheek. His knotty fingers caress more lovingly the neck of his ancient instrument, and from his glancing bow comes a perfect hurricane of melody—"Caller Herrin'"; "Weel may the Boatie Row," and "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town." Hale old man! Blithely he does his best, filling, though it may be humbly enough, the place of the Royal musicians whose strains long ago died away upon these waters, and recalling the days of long-departed glory, when the gaily-decked barges of feudal nobles glanced to and fro across the firth, and—

The King sat in Dunfermline town
Drinking the bluid-red wine.

Sometimes now, indeed, for the Royal galleys that used to sweep these tides there steams up-channel a squadron of iron-clads bearing the Queen's flag, and then, for a week or so, gay gala-parties flit forth and back by day, and at night the strains of waltz and reel float out upon the firth; for the daughters of the city, a lovely rout, come down to dance with the officers of the fleet. Lately, however, the iron ships steamed south for another year; only the snowy mainsails and the dark smoke-pennons of peaceful merchantmen come up from the horizon; and the only sounds to be listened to are the joyous murmur of the waters here, and the lilt of the humble artist's violin.

There is but a small knot of people waiting to meet the coming of the steamer on the pier at Aberdour, and in the little shingly cove close by the pleasure skiffs are already

drawn above tide-mark for the winter: for the holiday-makers have mostly gone back to the cities now, and visitors have grown few. Yet the little village street running up the hill-side there looks best when it is quiet, and with the cluster of fair girls waiting here with a welcome on the old pier-head, a ramble through these autumn-tinted woods above the sea will be delightful. Even from the steamer's deck something of the loveliness can be seen, and something caught of the fragrance of these fading woods. There, in the withering glades will be heard, now the querulous pipe of the scarlet-breast, and bunny, sleek and brown, will pop into his warm-lined burrow under the yellowing bracken. There in the thickets the ripe, downy hazel-nuts will be hanging smooth as a boy's cheek, while overhead the rowan branches droop with their red clusters of coral berries, and the birches, ladies of the woods, their tresses golden now, wade with white, gleaming feet among the fallen leaves. And once and again, through an opening among the branches, a glimpse will be caught of the blue firth far below, gleaming like the floor of heaven. Never, indeed, are there fairer scenes in the woodland ways than now.

But the ropes have been made fast, and the gangway touches the pier; there is the welcome of kindly voices, and the touch of hospitable hands; while yonder, above the red tile roofs of the village, does not the blue smoke rising against the hillside tell of substantial comforts prepared to meet the keen hunger of the sea?

G. E.-T.

The sentence of death was carried out on Nov. 11 upon four of the condemned Chicago Anarchists. Everything remained quiet in the city. The crime for which these men were condemned was committed on May 6, 1886, at an open-air meeting in Chicago, where some 1500 persons were collected. Violent speeches were delivered, and the police were sent for late in the evening. More than one hundred police came up, under Inspector Benfield, who ordered the people to disperse. A second command to disperse was answered by throwing a dynamite bomb with a lighted fuse from behind a waggon. This burst in the centre of the body of police, of whom six were killed and twenty-seven wounded, several of whom afterwards died. Some fifty of the rioters were also killed or wounded. The police quickly rallied and fired upon the rioters, who returned the fire, but the fight lasted but a few minutes. One of the Anarchist convicts named Lingg, in whose cell some bombs were found a few days ago, committed suicide on the day preceding the execution of the others. The guard saw him raise a candle, as if to light a cigar. An explosion followed, which so injured the man's head that he died in five hours. It was subsequently found that the candle had contained a piece of metal charged with fulminate of mercury. The Governor of Illinois commuted the sentences upon two of the convicts to penal servitude for life.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.
The Board of Trade returns for October show a very considerable change in the wheat trade during the month. Previously all through the year the imports from the Atlantic ports of the United States had exhibited extraordinary increases compared with the year before. The imports from India had shown a slight falling-off, while the imports from Russia had shown extraordinary decreases. In October, on the other hand, there is a considerable increase in the imports from Russia, and a very large falling-off in the imports from the United States. There is likewise a marked falling-off in the imports from India. The imports from Russia amounted to 539,528 cwt., against 237,646 cwt. in October of last year. There is thus an increase in the imports from Russia of more than 100 per cent. On the other hand, the imports from the Atlantic ports of the United States fell from 1,095,228 cwt. in October last year to 760,714 cwt. last month, and those from the Pacific ports fell from 936,967 cwt. to 373,066 cwt. The imports from the British East Indies fell likewise from 1,004,452 cwt. to 826,095 cwt. Taking the whole ten months of the year, there is still a very great falling-off in the imports from Russia compared with the corresponding period of last year, and a very great increase in the imports from the United States; while the imports from India show a comparatively small falling-off. It is known that this year the Russian harvest is exceedingly good. Russia, therefore, has a very large supply to dispose of. Indeed, the intelligence from Odessa is to the effect that wheat has been poured into that town in such immense quantities that all the granaries are full, and that the stations along the lines leading to Odessa are also full. At the same time, it is complained that the price is entirely unproductive. The American harvest, though fair, is not an exceptionally bountiful one.

Sir Charles Tupper, who recently resigned his seat for Cumberland, Nova Scotia, in the Dominion Parliament, owing to allegations of bribery by agents, has been re-elected, defeating Mr. Bulmer, the Third Party and Prohibitionist candidate, by a majority of 1500 votes. Sir Charles has gone to Washington, as one of the British Plenipotentiaries on the Fisheries Commission.

The Duke of Connaught has been installed as District Grand Master of the English and Past Grand Master of the Scotch Freemasons in Bombay. The Duchess of Connaught has arrived there.

Lord Dufferin laid the foundation-stone of a new Mohammedan college on Nov. 13 at Kurrahee. In his speech the Viceroy said he was glad that the Mohammedan community were realising that progress rested more on their own efforts than upon the aid of the Government.

Ayoub Khan, who has been for a long time past in hiding near Khaf, has voluntarily surrendered himself to the British Agent at Meshed.



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till he
gets it!

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On Nov. 8, at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, Louis Fagan, Department of Prints, British Museum, son of the late George Fagan, H.B.M. Minister to Venezuela, to Caroline Frances, daughter of the late James Purves, of Melbourne, Australia.

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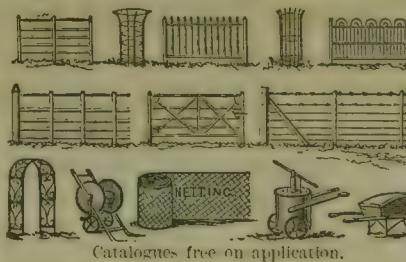
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And wear white robes, and carry palms?
Are there no flowers in the golden street?
No grassy glades for the tired feet?
No singing birds in the fableless bower?
Is it such a different world to ours?"Then the mother turned aside to pray.
And she thought she heard an angel say:
"Heaven is but a perfect earth,
As the world was at its birth;
All that Love in life should love,
Will be found again above."The mother answered, "The Realm of Rest
Is all we live, and would love the best;
The rest of life is but a time of Time,
A long, long past, and a cloudless dream.
Its sweetest songs, and its fairest flowers,
Its hearts in homes are akin to ours."
Thus Heaven is holding for you and me
All that we wished that this world would be."Then the mother heard its evening prayers,
And talked with an angel unaware.
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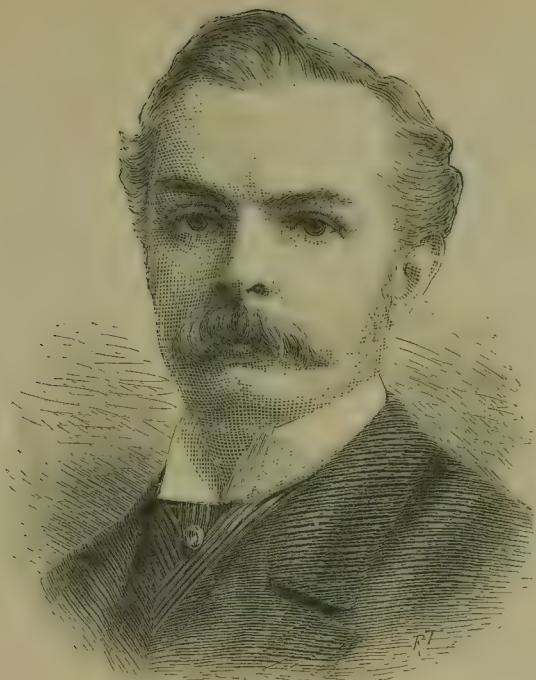
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The Queen was graciously pleased to confer the honour of Knighthood on Mr. Charles Lawson, of Madras, who came from India as delegate of the Madras Presidency, to present the Jubilee address of congratulation, signed by municipal and local representatives of 191 towns, on behalf of thirty-one millions of her Majesty's Indian subjects. This address was enclosed in a beautiful silver-gilt casket of appropriate design, which is now on view with the other Jubilee gifts, at St. James's Palace, and of which we have given an Illustration. A memorial volume, compiled by Mr. Lawson, who was honorary secretary to the Madras Central Jubilee Committee, narrated and described the proceedings of the Madras Jubilee Festival, and was also presented to her Majesty, in a magnificent silver case. Sir Charles Lawson, a native of Yorkshire, is editor and managing proprietor of the *Madras Mail*, since 1868, having previously been four years editor of the *Madras Times*. He has been secretary of the Madras Chamber of Commerce from 1862 to the present date. He is a Fellow of the University of Madras, and is author of more than one book of descriptive travel, including "British and Native Cochîn."



SIR E. H. KINAHAN, BART. (DUBLIN).

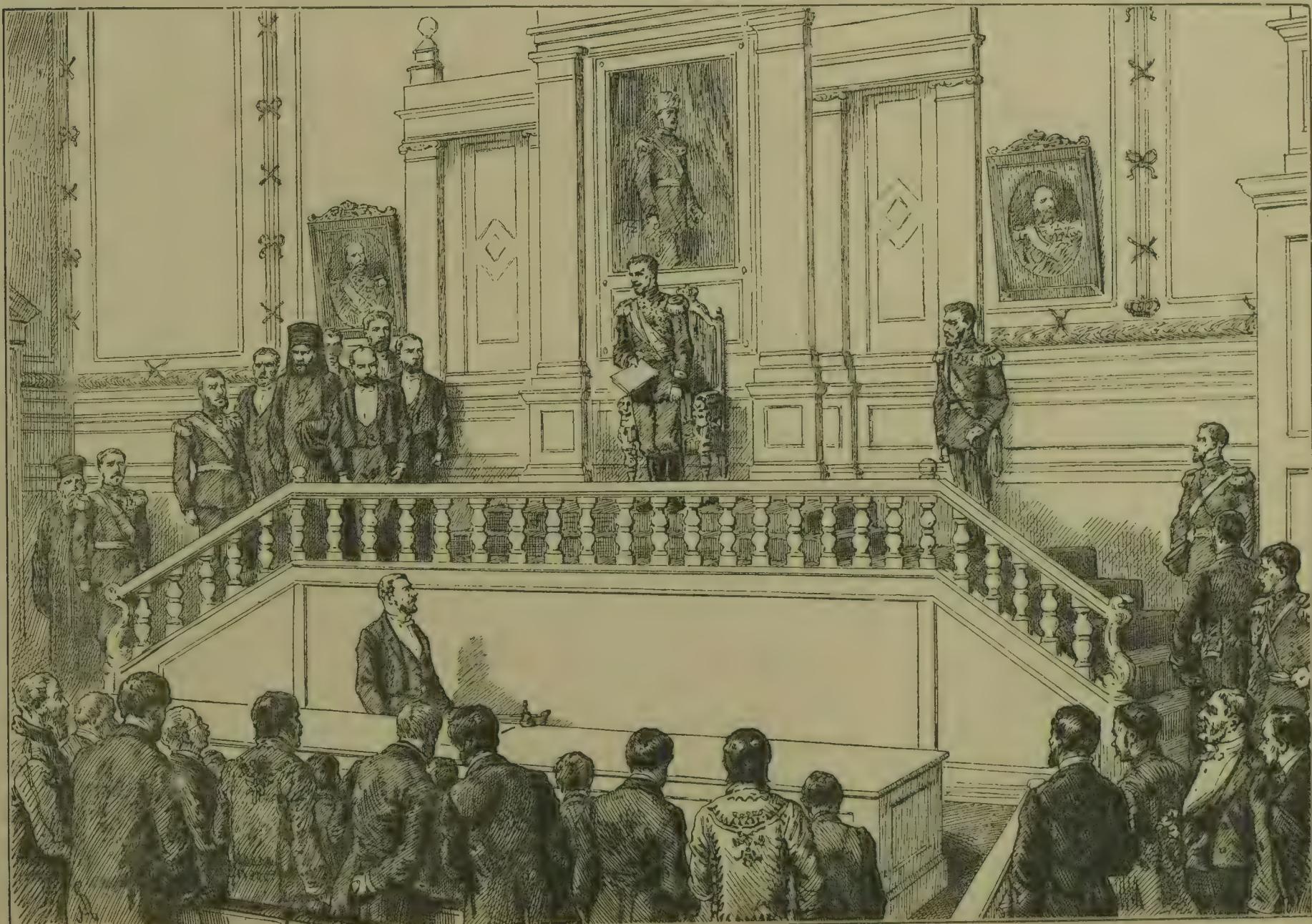
SIR E. H. KINAHAN, BART.

Among the tokens of Royal favour bestowed in this Jubilee year on distinguished citizens of the United Kingdom, her Majesty was pleased to elevate this gentleman, the head of an important establishment in Dublin, and a liberal and active supporter of useful objects in that city, to the rank and dignity of a Baronet. Sir Edward Hudson Kinahan, of Glenville, in the county of Cork, and of Wyckham, near Dundrum, in the county of Dublin, was born in 1828, and is the only surviving son of the late Alderman Robert Henry Kinahan, his mother being daughter of the late Dr. Hudson, M.D., of Dublin. He was High Sheriff of the city in 1868 and of the county in 1874, and is a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin.

The Lord Mayor of London has been waited upon by the Burgomasters of Brussels, Liège, and Termonde (the last-named being his birthplace), to present him with congratulatory addresses from Brussels, Termonde, and other Belgian municipalities. After replying cordially to the addresses, the loving-cup was handed round.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN BULGARIA.

The meeting, at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, of the newly-elected Sobranje, or National Assembly, in which the Ministers of Prince Ferdinand, continuing the policy of the late Provisional Regency, have a great majority of supporters, is the subject of our Illustration, from a Sketch by our Correspondent in Bulgaria, M. Lachmann. It shows Prince Ferdinand reading his Speech from the Throne. The proceedings of the Assembly have so far been unanimous in the passing of resolutions unopposed by the minority; the speech of his Highness was received with satisfaction; and an address in reply has been voted, thanking him for assuming the government of the country, and for the restoration of order and tranquillity, expressing the loyalty of the people and of the Army to his Crown, promising to support all his efforts to safeguard the national rights and interests, and trusting that he will be able to maintain friendly relations with the Sultan, and with all the Great European Powers. A special diplomatic mission has been sent to Vienna and to Paris; while steps are taken also to procure a mutual understanding between the State of Bulgaria and the Kingdoms of Roumania and Servia.



PRINCE FERDINAND OPENING THE SOBRANJE, OR BULGARIAN NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, AT SOFIA.

FROM A SKETCH BY M. LACHMANN.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The Dudley Gallery Imperial Art Society (Egyptian Hall) rather takes one's breath away by its imposing title; but the visitor need be under no apprehension that any such danger awaits him when once inside the gallery. The list of members includes some good names, and the walls bear witness to their interest in the success of the exhibition; but the majority of the works displayed might as well have remained upon the artists' easels for aught they show us of the tendency of English art. Mr. C. H. H. Macartney stands head and shoulders above the other landscape painters of the exhibition. Such works as the "Bluff Headland near Tintagel" (109), with the blue sea hushed under the glow of the setting sun; or his "Wet Sands" (10), glittering in the pale light; or, perhaps best of all, "A Sultry Afternoon" (4), with the long ripples breaking lazily over the flat coast, reveal a poetic sympathy with Nature as well as a mastery over technical difficulties, which have perplexed so many artists. Among sea-pieces, M. G. De Bréanski's "Fishing Boats" (15), and Mr. Golden Short's "Cornish Study" (147), are worthy of notice. In figure-painting there is a wider range. Mr. Lucien Davis's study (98) of a girl in white under a white parasol is a decidedly clever rendering of bright sunlight; but in his "End of the Race" (66), a number of girls in white muslin dresses and black silk stockings running their hoops, he has proposed to himself a problem beyond his powers. The children do not move at all, but only make believe to do so. Mr. T. K. Delham's single figures, "A Gift from the Convent" (20) and "Pleasing Reflections" (119), are nice in colour. We may also mention Mr. Edgar Ginerne's "Perfect Bliss" (1), M. A. De Bréanski's "Llyn Tregennan" (14), M. L. Doucet's "Une Parisienne" (27), Mr. Wm. Linnell's "Contadina Principessa" (47). Mr. R. Wane's "Bournemouth, Berwick-on-Tweed" (60), Miss L. Hele's "Apples" (74), Miss Edith Somerville's "Retrospect" (80), and Mrs. Murray-Cookesley's "Drinking-Fountain, Cairo" (95); not forgetting the really clever animal studies of Miss Fannie Moody, "We are Seven" (13) and "Beauty and the Beast" (28).

The Society of Painter-Etchers (No. 160, New Bond-street) has hitherto had a somewhat wandering life, and it is much to be regretted that an art which is evidently attracting some of our most skilful workers should not appear to be established on a footing as solid as that which we believe it enjoys. The present exhibition, which is the sixth already held, if it does not show a marked advance upon some of its predecessors, at all events indicates the wider aims of the painter-etchers. It is very difficult to select works which will please all tastes. Between the minute renderings of Mr. David Law's "Hereford" (65) or "Chepstow Castle" (59) and Mr. Walter Sickert's slight suggestions (2) of Chelsea babies and Piccadilly crowds there is room for every phase of the graver's art and skill. Amongst those which seem to display most originality of treatment and delicacy of touch may be mentioned M. Alexis Forrel's "Village of Saint Prex" (27), Mrs. Harry Hine's "Durham" (33), Mrs. Vereker Hamilton's "Forge" (7), Mr. H. R. Robertson's "Rowing Lesson" (68), Mr. Herbert Marshall's "Essex Wharf" (82), Mr. John Finnie's "Brook" (unnumbered), and Mr. Mortimer Menpes's "Baby Coquette" (92). Amongst the more important works—from their size and subject—are Mr. Axel Haig's "Return from the Fair" (48), a group of Spanish peasants crossing the bridge at Pamplona; Mr. Storm Van Gravesande's "Dordrecht" (14), and "River Vecht" (176), both somewhat heavy in the treatment of the clouds and background; Mr. Edward Slocombe's "Winter" (54), and Mr. T. C. Farrer's "Melrose" (70) by moonlight. We should also not omit to mention Mr. C. D. Murray's "Prentice Pillar, Rosslyn Chapel" (75), and the "Fountain from the Great Court of Trinity College, Cambridge" (42), and Mr. Stanley Berkeley's "Evening Landscape" (21), Mr. G. W. Rhead's "Isolt" (74), and Miss E. A. Armstrong's "Village Bakehouse" (86), in all of which some element of poetic feeling or living interest is to be found.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (No. 148, New Bond-street) the large collection of drawings by Mr. Ernest George gives a greater idea of the artist's industry than of his versatility. His three years' wanderings have carried him through Holland and Belgium, across Germany and the Alps, to the Italian Lakes, and as far south as Rome. He returns with his sketch-book full of pleasant reminiscences, but with the apparent conviction that in every country the atmosphere is the same reflecting medium, and that colour is only a painter's fancy. Mr. Ernest George is, before all things, an architect, and he finds his chief, if not only, pleasure in depicting buildings, large and small, ancient and modern. His eye is keen enough to detect the variations of Dutch, Flemish, and Italian architecture; but it never seems to have occurred to him that any such differences must have been in some measure due to the varying requirements of climate and local necessities. In spite of this, we find "Amiens Cathedral" (8), in the grey morning light, scarcely colder than "The Campanile of San Giorgio" (40) at Venice, or the "Castell dell' Uovo" (106) at Naples. In the same way "The Wooden Houses of the Strand" (84), besplashed and grimy as we know them to be, are shown to us as "spick and span" as the "Cake Shops at Banbury" (210). These are sketches which, nevertheless, strike us as being the most successful. Others that attract attention are the "Arcaded Street, Lugano" (254), "The City Gates of Haarlem" (190), and "The Bridge behind St. John's, Cambridge" (167). There are also some suggestive sketches of the streets of Rouen, Bruges, Rome, Whithby, Amalfi, and Lyme-Regis, spots sufficiently far apart and distinct to bring out the artist's individuality and to bear witness to his restless activity.

At the Continental Gallery (No. 157, New Bond-street) the autumn exhibition includes but a few works with which we made acquaintance in the earlier period of the year. The pictures are, as may be supposed, wholly by foreign artists, amongst whom Normann, Neuhaus, Verlat, and Keuler are most strongly represented. Amongst the more important works are Professor Schon's "Wine Harvest, near Rome" (105), Benner's "In the Woods" (140), D. Langée's "Jour des Pauvres" (62) and Chapiron's "Douche du Régiment" (100), clever as an effect of light, but scarcely compatible with the safety of the window-panes. The largest picture is Fleischer's "St. Gothard" (162), representing the Piedmontese labourers coming out of the tunnel after their day's labour, painted with *brio*, but too thoroughly an Academic work to be suited for any private collection but that of a successful railway contractor.

The Berlin Photographic Company has reproduced, with great success, Mr. E. J. Poynter's most successful works of recent years—"The Market-place," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery last season, and "The Diadumené," which was so much admired at Burlington House in the preceding year. The Berlin process of photogravure, by which these pictures have been reproduced, differs from the French in many important points. By what means the broader treatment is obtained is the secret of the inventor; but it is admirably adapted to the translation of Mr. Poynter's classical work. It is

unnecessary to describe pictures, the memory of which is so fresh in our mind's eye; but we may say, with regret, that the blot which (in our eyes) disfigures Mr. Poynter's "Market-place"—the large ungainly feet of the woman occupying the exact centre of the canvas—jars less disagreeably on the eye than in the original picture. On the other hand, in the figure of the Diadumené, as she stands on the edge of the bath unloosening her hair, Mr. Poynter's careful drawing and pure classical taste are brought out in perfection. It was time that so distinguished a member of our Royal Academy as Mr. Poynter should become better known in the world at large, and the directors of the Berlin Photographic Company have, we think, decided wisely in bringing two such typical works into prominent notice.

We still come very far behind our French neighbours in art publications having for their special aim the popularising of ancient and modern masterpieces. *La Revue des Musées* (Paris: 19, Boulevard Montmartre) is a striking instance of the success of a publication aiming solely at the art education of the masses. Its value was at once understood by the Paris authorities, who placed it on the list of the publications to be received in all the municipal museums and public libraries under their control; whilst the Ministries of War and Marine have caused it to be distributed in the various barracks and dockyard reading-rooms. Its object is to reproduce during the continuance of the Salon some of the most important works of the year, and at other times to give studies of the most distinguished painters of French and foreign schools with large and carefully-executed reproductions of their works. The current number (No. 18) is devoted to the Roman school—taking Raphael as its chief exponent. In addition to an interesting account of his life and work are full-page reproductions of his portrait of himself in the Uffizi Gallery, "La Fornarina" (Florence), and "La Belle Jardinière" (Louvre). For those who are interested in architecture there is a specimen of Leclerc's restoration of the entablature of the temple of Jupiter Stator in the Forum at Rome, besides numerous specimens of decorative art. *La Revue des Musées*, of which the year's volume will be published next month, has treated in a similar manner Leonardo da Vinci, Luini, David, Alb. Dürer, Velasquez, Rubens, &c.

M. Meissonier's temporary cessation from painting has caused his friends and admirers to raise a cry of alarm with respect to the still untouched space reserved for him in the decoration of the Pantheon. M. Meissonier's excuse for the delay is the absolute silence maintained by successive Ministers of Fine Arts with respect to the general scheme of decoration which it was determined on seventeen years ago, should be specifically carried out. M. Chenavard, Meissonier's fellow townsman, was originally selected for the work; and proposed, in a series of mural paintings, to represent the several great crises in the history of humanity in which France and its peoples had played a part. The sketches and studies for this work, so far as they were completed at the time of his death, are to be found now in the Lyons Museum. In 1874 the then Director of Fine Arts took the matter in hand, and decided that the work of decorating the Pantheon should not be given to any single artist; but that the walls should, in fact, bear testimony to the talents of those men whose bodies might at some time repose in its vaults. With this view, M. Puvis de Chavannes has contributed his "Childhood of Ste. Geneviève"; Cabanel painted "St. Louis Administering Justice"; Lévy, the "Coronation of Charlemagne"; and Laurens, the "Death of Ste. Geneviève." Four out of the eight frescoes, then, are already complete; and three of the remaining are in progress—M. Blanc's "Battle of Tolbiac," M. Delaunay's "March of Attila," and M. Paul Baudry's "Life of Jeanne d'Arc," which M. Léopold is to complete from the drawings of the deceased artist. The eighth space, left for M. Meissonier, alone remains absolutely bare; and public opinion is anxious to know the reason, and to hasten the work.

A strange story comes from Moscow. It is stated that in a château belonging to a Prince or Baron or Count Luchmanoff, who for many years lived in the neighbourhood of the ancient capital of Russia, a number of Raphael cartoons have recently been discovered. They include the "Death of Ananias," the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," "St. Paul before the Areopagus," and others, all of which are among the Hampton Court series. It is said that the cartoons now discovered were those ordered for the Vatican by Leo X. at the Gobelins tapestry works, and that after some changes they came into the hands of Countess Ingushinski, by whom they were sold in 1815 to Count Luchmanoff.

A discovery, interesting to collectors of faience and pottery, has been made by Professor Raffaele Ercolani, director of the Industrial Arts Museum at Rome. After much search he has found amongst the manuscripts preserved in the Library of the Roman Senate that of the Statute of the Art of the Potters (Statuto dell'Arte dei Vasari) of Perugia, written about the middle of the fifteenth century. The manuscript, which is ornamented on the first page with a beautiful frontispiece in miniature, consists of twenty-eight pages of vellum. To the original statute is annexed an account of the reforms introduced in the first century of the existence of the Association, the reformed statute of 1457, and a list of the principal master potters of Perugia, living and deceased.

The presents offered to Pope Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Jubilee continue to arrive in Rome, and shortly the public will be allowed to see the collection. In addition to the gifts already mentioned, the Pope has received from the Lace-making School of Burano a piece of lace valued at 9000 lire (£360) the mètre; from Marshal MacMahon, ex-President of the French Republic, two Sèvres vases; from the diocese of Strassburg, an exact reproduction of the famous clock in the cathedral; from the Archbishop and clergy of Hungary, a golden chalice of Gothic (fifteenth century) design, richly chased, and ornamented with 120 large pearls; from the Emperor of Austria and the Court of Vienna, a pectoral cross set with diamonds and rubies, valued at £10,000.

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- A Frolic of the Four Winds.
- The Bitter's Bit. With Illustrations by Cyril Hallward.
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THE HEART OF THE HILLS.

The narrow, rough road leads the way into the very heart of the hills, which—grim, grand, and growing higher and higher, one behind the other, like impregnable fortresses—are reflected in the absolutely still, black surface of the silent lake. In front, the mountains appear to place an impassable barrier between us and the outside world, where busy life goes by with a rush and a whirl, that are as unceasing as they are overwhelming; and as we gaze on the giant guardians of this still and distant oasis of perfect peace, we cannot believe that the same world holds London and this absolutely solitary corner of this country of ours; so empty is it of any hint of the present day—so utterly quiet, uncultivated, and unique does it appear to be in its quiet and rest. As we drive on towards Wastwater—"the place of pure water" as is, we believe, the literal translation of the name—we see that on the left hand, the hills take a gentler aspect, and slope gradually and slowly away from the road, without any severe or hazardous precipices; here, even in very late autumn, tiny tufts of purple heather bloom sparsely under sheltering niches, and morsels of yellow "French furze" are to be found; while among the wonderful glowing masses of deep saffron-coloured bracken the sheep wander slowly, cropping the dry herbage, being guarded by the ubiquitous collie, whose bark, echoing weirdly round the hills, is almost the only sound we hear.

Almost, for presently we realise that the whole atmosphere is full of music—subtle, seductive music, that at first we cannot understand. There is a ripple, then a low gurgle, and, finally, we comprehend that the water has a voice, and that down the gaunt sides of the higher hills tiny watercourses are tripping, whispering, murmuring, chattering, on their way to their rest in the peaceful lake; while farther on, broader streams run boldly over great stones, here pausing, fuming, and raging, until they are a mass of foam, round some larger rock that bars their progress; there swirling triumphantly along, the brown water almost speaking as it hurries on faster and faster, until it leaps wildly over the last obstruction into the bosom of the receptive water, which lies, calm, grand, and silent as eternity, at the foot of the everlasting hills, where grand masses of mist drift by swiftly, or the dense blue sky appears to sleep, bringing back to us a remembrance of summer, which we know, all too well, has left us for ever, this side the bitter time of winter. As if to accentuate this, on one of the stunted thorns, now heavy with glowing crimson berries, a stout little robin his waistcoat as brilliant as the clustering fruit around him, begins to sing shrilly, disturbing the white-throated "dipper" which is running along the shingly shore that bounds one little corner of the lake, disappearing almost entirely, now and then, as he scuttles into the water to snatch some particularly choice morsel of food from the bottom of the lake; while quite a small flight of pied wagtails flutter by, looking singularly dim and insignificant as they come in contact with a couple of brilliant kingfishers, darting hither and thither for a few moments in the glorious flood of autumn sunshine, that now appears to fill to overflowing the cup-like valley with amber, glittering wine.

The sunshine falls presently on a tiny white building, too long for a barn and too low, and yet not nearly large enough for a church, even here, where life seems represented by the stout little sheep, each with a black ruff round his gentle face, or by the collie. Yet, a church it is, we discover as we get nearer; for a toy bell hangs in a species of diminutive arch, and the windows are open and disclose benches that can only be meant for those attendants at divine worship who can cross the hills, or come down the narrow passes on Sundays, when there is no work to be done, and which even here appears the right and proper occupation on the day of rest.

The church is tiny, one of the very smallest and most ancient churches in the whole of England; indeed, the Vicar who lives in this distant valley declares enthusiastically that it is the very oldest church emphatically, and that we are in the presence of the cradle of our faith, pointing out various old heirlooms handed on from Vicar to Vicar as proofs of his assertion, and telling us graphically how the earliest Christians were driven to this refuge in the heart of the hills by persecution, and how they built this atom of a place to worship in, secure of peace and safety; and as we look with interest on the wonderful heavy, old beaten-silver chalice, and hear about the venerable carved gates, through which all new-married couples had to pass, and small portions of which only remain, we can believe that the Vicar is right in his surmises, and that there were worshippers in Wastwater long before the Normans came to England—long before cathedrals were raised to the honour and glory of God.

But if the church is tiny, the school-house is still more infinitesimally small, and looks like nothing so much as one of the square wooden boxes children keep their toys in, and, indeed, resembles these so much that when the door is opened, that would be the lid in an ordinary toy-box, the overflowing children appear to tumble out, over each other, so closely are they packed, so very many do the very few scholars look in this ridiculous imitation of a school-house, which would be disowned by a good-sized cart-shed, and utterly repudiated by a decently-erected barn. But the school-house is doomed, and whenever the Vicar can get together sufficient money—which, as his parishioners, all told (and the telling includes many and many a square mile!), number only about one hundred, does not seem likely to be very soon—another room will be built, in which, it is hoped, it may not be found necessary to arrange scholars in two layers, one standing on the benches, the other standing below the top strata, in order to get them into the school at all. Beyond these buildings, the Vicar's new house—in the future garden of which a large and hungry family of ducks is taking its ease—and a species of inn, there is absolutely no other house for some miles—certainly not as far as we can see. The silence is only broken by the argumentative fowls and the ever-rippling water; and as we pause for a moment, gazing at the hills where long, grey shadows lie, and listen to the moaning wind which rises gallantly as the day draws to its early close, we catch ourselves wondering silently how the Vicar lives through the winter, when the masses of snow that sometimes remain until June among the hills, and that always bury deeply the one good road that leads back to civilisation, in the mitigated form that is to be found in the toy-station twelve miles off, which is yet a good day's journey from anything like ordinary busy life.

And, as we mount into our uneasy, hired vehicle, we look back and see the dark clouds, slashed here and there with deep crimson and yellow gashes that the sunset is bringing up, whence a pale white flake of snow drifts down now and then, foretelling the oncoming of the winter, and we are devoutly thankful that, beautiful as is the picture, our lot is not cast with the Vicar's in the heart of the silent hills. J. E. P.

Mr. D. S. Margoliouth, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford, has been elected to the Senior Kennicott Scholarship. It is of the annual value of £120, and is tenable for two years.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 1, 1884), with a codicil (dated Aug. 30, 1887), of Miss Louisa McKeilar, late of Argyll Lodge, Clapham-park, Surrey, who died on Sept. 20 last, was proved on Nov. 5, by John Jeffreys Oakley, William Edward Long, and Francis William Arkcoll, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £142,000. The testatrix leaves £58,000, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Emma Catherine Short, for life, and at her death she bequeaths out of the said capital sum £2000 each to the London Hospital (Whitechapel-road), St. Thomas's Hospital (Westminster Bridge), St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner), the Westminster Hospital (Broad Sanctuary), the Royal Hospital for Incurables (West-hill, Putney-heath), Charing-Cross Hospital, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), All Saints' Convalescent Hospital (Eastbourne), the National Benevolent Institution, St. Mary's Hospital, Cambridge-place, Paddington, and the United Kingdom Beneficent Association; £1000 each to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the Cancer Hospital (West Brompton), the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic (21, Queen's-square), the London Fever Hospital (Liverpool-road, Islington), the British Home for Incurables (Clapham-rise), the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the South London Church Extension Fund; and £500 each to the Seaside Convalescent Home (Seaford), the Belgrave Hospital for Children, the London and Brighton Convalescent Hospital, the Asylum for the Support and Education of Deaf and Dumb Children (Old Kent-road), the Albert Orphan Asylum, the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the Royal Caledonian Asylum (Caledonian-road), the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society (London Bridge), the Providence-row Night Refuge for Homeless Women and Children (22, Finsbury-circus), the Mission to Seamen (Buckingham-street, Strand), the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, the Houseless Poor Asylum (Banner-street, Whitechapel), the London City Mission, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution (Sackville-street, Piccadilly), the Wandsworth Homes for Ladies, the Home for Gentlewomen (Queen's-square), the St. Agnes' Orphanage (Chiswick), the Scottish Corporation (Crane-court, Fleet-street), the School for Indigent Blind (St. George's-fields, Southwark), Mrs. Gladstone's Free Convalescent Home for the Poor, more especially of the east of London; the Metropolitan Free Drinking-Fountain Association, the Friendly Female Society, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She also bequeaths numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants, many of large amount, and the residue of her property she gives to the before-mentioned hospitals in proportion to the amount of their respective legacies.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement, dated June 3, 1870, of Mr. Thomas Thomson, merchant and insurance broker, of Glasgow, who died on Sept. 7 last, granted to John Thomson, the brother, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £88,000.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1886), with a codicil (dated March 31, 1887), of Mr. Harry East, late of No. 7, Curzon-street, Mayfair, and Molescroft Villa, Portsdown-road, Maida Vale, job master, who died on April 4 last, was proved on Nov. 9 by Harry Birmingham Phillips and Alfred Beaumont, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator gives £1000, all his plate, glass, household effects, and furniture, and an annuity of £1500 to his wife, to be reduced in the event of her marrying again; and £500 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1887) of Mrs. Frances Curteis, late of Leasam, Rye, Sussex, widow, who died on Aug. 24 last, was proved on Oct. 25 by Miss Anne Mary Curteis, the daughter, and Mr. Howard Warburton Elphinstone, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £32,000. The testatrix gives £200 to her executor Mr. Elphinstone, and £1000 to her son, Lancelot. The residue of her property, including her Swinethorpe estate, she leaves to her three daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte D'Arley, Jane Curteis, and Anne Mary Curteis, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Fortescue John Morgan, late of Northfield-End-villas, Henley-on-Thames, Oxford, surgeon, who died on Aug. 15 last, was proved on Nov. 3 by James Edward Atter and Charles Capel Whitmore Blaskfield, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The dispositions of the will are in favour of the testator's wife and children.

The will (dated July 29, 1886), with a codicil (dated Aug. 3, 1886), of Mrs. Dinah Maria Craik, formerly Miss Mullock, the well-known authoress, late of The Corner House, Shortlands, Beckenham, Kent, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on Nov. 1, by Annie Mary Miers and Emily Wolley, the surviving executrixes, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testatrix gives the copyright of all her works to her husband; but, in the event of his predeceasing her, to Miss Dorothy Craik. The residue of her property she leaves to her adopted daughter, the said Miss Dorothy Craik.

The will (dated May 24, 1882), with two codicils (dated April 1, 1884, and June 10, 1885), of Miss Maria Vernon Graham Havergal, late of Winterdyne, Bewdley, who died on June 22 last, was proved at the Worcester District Registry on Oct. 11, by the Rev. Francis Tebbs Havergal, the brother, John Edward Prestage, and the Rev. William Henry Shaw, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths annuities of £5 each to the Zenana Mission, the Church Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society, payable out of the income to be derived from the copyright of her works; and £25 each to the Church of England Scripture Readers' Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of Christianity among the Jews, the Mildmay Missions (Mildmay-park), the Church of England Zenana Mission, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; and many other legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of her property she leaves, as to one half thereof to her brother, the Rev. Francis Tebbs Havergal; and the remaining half between Mrs. Ellen Prestage Shaw and the Rev. Henry East Havergal.

The will (dated Sept. 22, 1886) of Mr. Robert Charles Lindley, late of Culverthorpe Hall, Sleaford, Lincoln, who died on June 5 last, was proved on Oct. 22 by Frederick Delmar Lindley and George Robert Lindley, the sons and two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator gives £500 and the advowson and right of patronage and presentation of the parish church of Elmstone, Kent, to his son Walter Delmar; and £100, an annuity of £400, and all his household furniture and effects, to his wife, Elizabeth. At his wife's death or remarriage he bequeaths annuities of £50 each to his five daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Frederick Delmar, George Robert, Waldemar Delmar, and Edward Delmar, in equal portions.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
S. F.—We think the adjudication correct. Possibly Black's P at K 2nd might win an end game with all the pieces off the board; but otherwise, the position is one in which, with the greatest care on both sides, the result ought to be a draw. W. M. (Eastbourne).—Your communications are welcome. The matter you refer to shall be inquiry after.

W. S. (Chelmsford).—Your letter is purely of personal interest, and as such we are unable to avail ourselves of its contents.

G. E. BARBIER. Thanks, we shall look for the further contributions promised.

M. J. M. (Liverpool).—We have written to you in reference to the points mentioned in your letter.

PROBLEMS AND GAMES received with thanks from J. Pierce, F. Healey, J. Menzies, G. Carter, T. Heppell, and C. W. (of Sunbury).

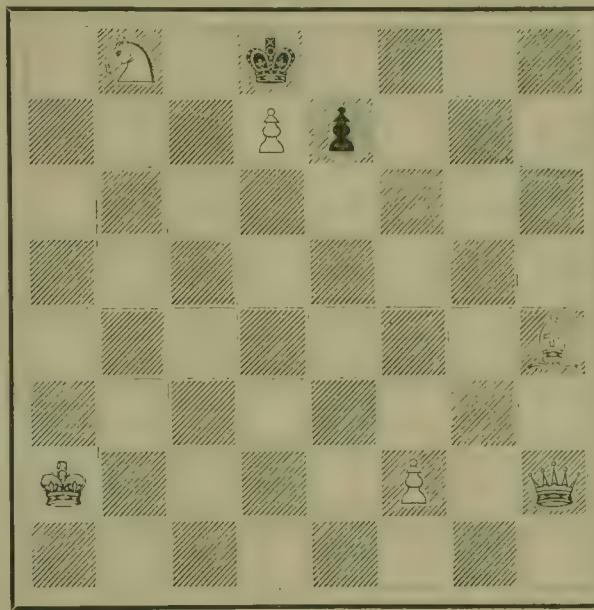
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2273 received from John Sandes, Colonel Loraine (R.A.), J. Bryden, D. Dale, Henry C. King, C. Hazel Condliffe, C. Verstula, J. H. M. Anderson, A. Anderson (Bansgate), James A. Conroy, J. M. G. Traynor.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2274 received from W. H. Baillie, R. Worters (Cuthbert), Jupiter Junior, Peterhouse, G. W. Law, N. S. Harris, A. C. Hunt, H. Lucas, Ben Nevis, A. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, S. Butten, W. A. P., Dr. Trescon, E. Loudon, W. L. Martin (Commander R.N.), E. Bryden, J. R. M. Anderson, Howard A. E. Phillips, W. Wright, T. G. Ware, W. Hillier, P. G., and E. E. Hill.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2273.

TE. BLACK.
1. Kt to K B 8d
2. B to K 4th
3. R to Q B 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2276.
By G. E. BARBIER,
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the British Chess Club, between Mr. T. HEPPELL and Mr. F. HEALEY.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(Mr. Heppell).	(Mr. Healey).	(Mr. Heppell).	(Mr. Healey).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt to K 4th	P to K B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	From this point the game goes merrily to the end.	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. B to B 4th (ch)	P to Q 4th
4. Kt takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P to K R 3rd	P takes Kt
5. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	19. Q takes P	B to K B 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	20. B takes P (ch)	P takes B
7. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. Q takes P (ch)	B to K 3rd
8. B to K 5th	Q to K 2nd	22. Q to K 4th	B takes B
9. Castles	P to K R 3rd	23. P takes Kt	Q to K R sq
10. B to R 4th	P to K Kt 4th	24. K to Q 6th	Q to Kt 2nd
11. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th	25. R takes B	Q takes Q
12. P to K 5th	B to Q 5th	26. R takes Q	K to R 2nd
13. P takes P	P takes P	27. R to Q 6th	B takes P (ch)
14. Q to B 3rd	Castles	28. K to R 2nd	B to Kt 6th (ch)
15. Q R to K sq		29. K to Kt 8q	R takes R (ch)
		30. K takes R	R mates.
16. Better to have taken Q B P.	B to K 4th		

Game played in the match Sussex v. Surrey, between Mr. WYKE BAYLISS (Surrey) and Mr. H. ERSKINE (Sussex).

(Max Lange's Attack.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. K R to K B 8q	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. P to B 3rd	Q to R 5th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	14. R to B sq	R to B 4th
4. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	15. Q takes B P	R to K R 4th
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. P to K R 3rd	Q to Kt 6th
6. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th	17. Kt to Q 2nd	R takes P
7. P takes Kt	P takes B	Black has time for everything.	
8. R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd	18. Kt to K 4th	Q to R 7th (ch)
9. Kt to K 5th	Q takes P	19. K to B 2nd	R takes P (ch)
		20. K to K 8q	Q to R 5th (ch)
		21. Kt to B 2nd	R to B 4th
		22. P to Kt 4th	
		There seems nothing better.	
10. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	22. R to K 4th (ch)	
11. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd	23. K to Q sq	R to K B sq
A singularly safe position for the Black King.		24. Kt to R sq	Q takes P (ch)
12. Q takes B		25. K to Q 2nd	Q to Kt 7th (ch)
Never again to move of her own choice.		26. Kt to B 2nd	
		and Black mates in three moves.	

The match between Messrs. Blackburne and Gunsberg was brought to a conclusion, on Nov. 9, at the British Chess Club. It will be in the remembrance of our readers that on the adjournment of the play at Bradford, the score stood:—Gunsberg, 4; Blackburne, 2; draws, 6; and as the winning of five games determined the contest, matters looked decidedly in favour of the former player. On resuming, victory again favoured him, and the first game in London terminated the match. By this fine performance, Mr. Gunsberg adds another to his list of brilliant successes, and it stamps him as one of the best players of the time.

The Atheneum Chess Club played its annual exhibition match with Mr. Blackburne on Saturday, Nov. 5, when a large company gathered to witness the skill of the English champion. He proved in fairly good form, and at the end of the evening had scored sixteen wins, three lost, and three draws. The winners were Messrs. Schlesinger, Mellish, and Hamlyn.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

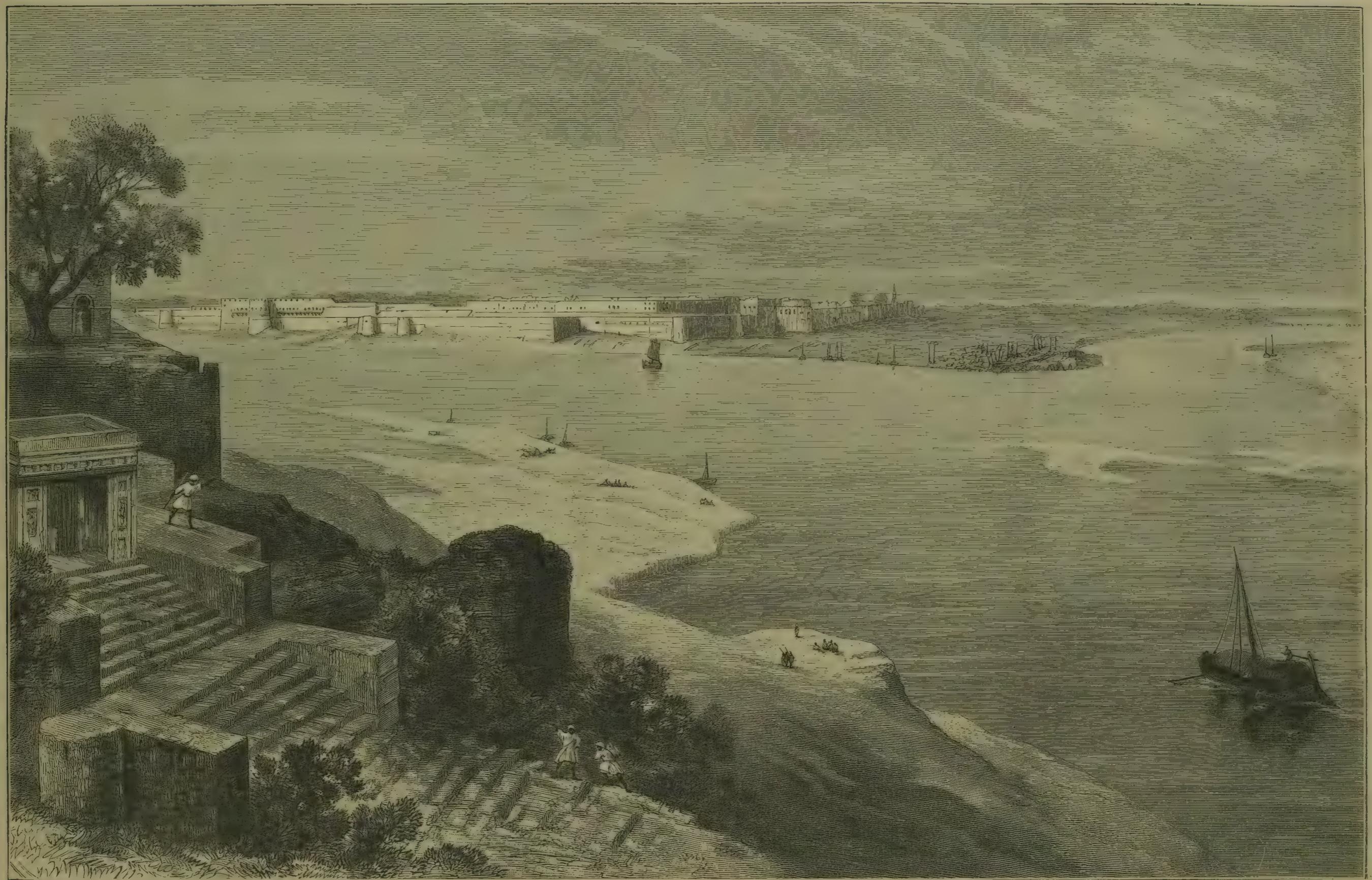
I have been to a meeting of a Habitation of the Primrose League, in a far-away-from-everywhere agricultural village. The Primrose League is a power in the land; and it is so mainly because it has been the first organisation to admit women, not to an inferior, patronised, or merely suffered companionship in political life with men, but to a genuine equal share and association. It was Benjamin Disraeli who was the first member of the House of Commons to declare that women have a right to vote; and it is the Primrose League which has led the van in practically inducing women to interest themselves in politics. That Conservatism should thus have the honour of first recognising both the rights and the influence of half the human race is a satire on the principles of official Liberalism. But that the Conservatives reap their reward in practical results to their party is very evident to everyone who knows anything of the working of the village franchise. Let us see what the Primrose League is doing to-day.

One of the reasons for the depletion of the villages and the plethora of the towns in regard to the more active and capable labourers is the dullness of village life. Work on the land ceases, as a rule, soon after sunset, and it is not resumed till sunrise. Thus, in the winter there is an interval, even for those who have anything to do—which not all have—of perhaps twelve hours; nine of which, at most, can be spent in sleep. There is absolutely nothing else to do but sleep, between work and work. There is nothing whatever going on in the village. The farmer smokes, and reads the weekly paper, and broods mournfully over his difficulties. The labourers cannot afford much smoke, and cannot read with ease and pleasure even if they have anything to read. For all the village inhabitants of every class, the slow evening is dullness unutterable; night after night, through the long, dark, cold winter, they all have to sit at home, with no alternative but going to the almost equally dull and far too expensive public-house parlour. Into this state of affairs comes the Primrose League, like a great beam of brilliant interest. It creates a fellowship between rich and poor—between squire and schoolmaster, between vicar and blacksmith, between farmer and labourer. Badges and names have always been means of binding men together in association: and the Primrose League has badges and names. The subscription, in the village "Habitation" of which I speak, is only sixpence a year, and for this the members receive a pretty little badge, in yellow enamel, resembling a primrose. Then the great tie between the sexes is not ignored, but women are invited as much as men. So men and women of every class put on their primrose and sally forth to the meeting of the League, with a quickened sense of fellowship and an enlarged, if not a created, feeling of corporate interests, of public duties, nay, of patriotism and loyalty.

The meetings, monthly or fortnightly, take on the aspect of social gatherings; they form absolutely the only event of a recreative or amusing kind that the whole village knows. Fancy, that if one does not wear the primrose one can have no share in the only social diversion that there ever is to break the unutterable monotony of the villagers' winter existence! At the meeting to which I went, there were farmers who had come from miles around; there were the gentlemen's servants of all the great houses of the locality; there were the innkeepers and the blacksmiths, and their families; and, above all, there were the labourers, heavy-footed, strongly-built, and shy when spoken to, but showing in every look and action how they were enjoying the social gathering, so rare and so interesting in their narrow experience. The schoolmaster is the moving spirit of the evening. He is a man of unusual intelligence in his class; a good mathematician, a competent musician, and a capable organiser.

At seven the lodge begins, with what forms I know not, as they do not let me go till nearly eight—"You are not one of us." When I arrive, a concert is going on; the schoolmasters' daughters are singing to the accompaniment of a very good piano, played by a gentleman-looking elderly personage, who afterwards gives some capital violin solos—the music-master of the whole country-side: once played first fiddle in London orchestras, but had to retire to quiet because of a failing in his mental strength. Other singers follow; and then a political address, lasting for about half an hour, is delivered by a speaker who has been got to come from London on purpose. Then the benches are cleared away, and dancing begins.

Several young ladies, farmers' daughters and the schoolmaster's three girls, take it in turns to play the piano. All manner of extinct dances are performed: polka-mazurkas, valses à deux temps, and country dances, as well as polkas and schottisches and occasional quadrilles. It is good to see the old women dance the country dances: with such skill, such gusto, and such good-nature, half-concealed contempt for their degenerate juniors, do



THE FORT OF ALLAHABAD, AND JUNCTION OF THE JUMNA WITH THE GANGES.—FROM A DRAWING BY MR. W. SIMPSON.

ALLAHABAD.

At the junction of the river Jumna with the Ganges, nearly five hundred miles from Calcutta by road and eight hundred by the last-named river, the Mohammedan conquerors of India built a huge fort of red stone, 2500 yards in circuit, with high ramparts and towers which no longer preserve their original stately aspect. The city that grew up adjacent to this fortress was never one of the largest or richest in India; but its site was regarded with veneration by the Hindoos, from a tradition that here was formerly the outlet of the Sarasvati, a sacred stream associated with their mythology, which actually loses itself in the sands of Sirhind, far to the north-west. The waters of the Ganges, however, are here as elsewhere sought by religious enthusiasts with a great belief in their efficacy to redeem and purify the human soul; and vast numbers of Hindoo pilgrims come to bathe and to pray. There is nothing splendid in the native town of Allahabad, which has now a population of nearly 150,000, having been much increased by its central position on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, almost midway between Calcutta and Bombay. The Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque, is not to be compared with the magnificent edifice bearing the same name at Delhi, or with those at Agra and other Mohammedan capital cities. The tombs in the Khusru Gardens are interesting monuments. As the headquarters of civil administration for a large district in the North-west Provinces, and as a most important military station, Allahabad has always been a place of note under the British rule of India; and the introduction, first, of steam navigation on the Ganges, and latterly, of railways connecting the different provinces of the Empire together, has doubled its population. The railway station, the Jumna viaduct, the barracks, with the arsenal in the fort, containing artillery and arms for 30,000 troops, and the official residences, belong to modern Allahabad, and

bear witness to the presence of a powerful government with European ideas and habits. It was only at the beginning of the present century that Allahabad was ceded by the Nawab of Oude to the East India Company.

THE WIDOW.

We present our readers with a rendering in black and white of Edouard Frère's simple but touching picture of "La Veuve," in which some of the best qualities of the artist are displayed. Frère, whose recent death is a sensible loss to French art, had little in sympathy with boisterous Bohemianism, which marks so much of his contemporaries; and if he lays himself open to the charge of sentimentalism, it must be admitted that he deals with his subjects in a healthy spirit. Living as he did for the greater part of his life at the secluded village of Ecouen, he thoroughly entered into the peasant life around him. He knew the struggles and hardships of the "idyllic" life too well to flatter it by constant repetitions of smiling lovers or happy children. He was, above all things, a conscientious worker, and whilst he extenuated nothing, he set down naught in malice, and was never more successful than when painting happy homes, or merry children rushing out of school. In the instance we have chosen we find him in his sadder mood; but the sentiment is not strained, and we see how the poor woman has taken up her cross, and bears it, if not cheerfully, at least with resignation and hope. Those who twelve months ago took advantage of the exhibition of M. Frère's more recent water colours at Messrs. Agnew's Gallery, will recall more than one charming picture in which he touched the theme of which the Engraving here given is a variation.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have changed the name of the street in which the London School of Medicine for Women is situated from Henrietta-street to Handel-street, W.C.



THE WIDOW.—FROM THE PICTURE BY EDOUARD FRÈRE.

BEARDS.

The modern habit of wearing a full beard and moustache, which has come into common use since the days of the Crimean War, is but a return to a bygone fashion, which may be studied by the curious on such subjects in any collection of portraits. The main difference between beards of the present day and those worn by our ancestors seems to be that their earlier taste displayed itself in a variety of shape and form, which seems to have changed, even in the same person, according to the will of the wearer. For instance, in the Bayeux Tapestry, King Edward the Confessor is represented either with a beard like a bunch of radishes, or a forked beard and long moustachios hanging down, while quite another sort of appendage adorns his chin in a painting at Westminster Abbey. Such illustrations, however, cannot always be depended upon, since, in many cases, the artist has finished off the portraits according to the fashion of his own time without regard to absolute accuracy. Thus, there are portraits taken from the screen of York Cathedral, in which William the Conqueror and his sons appear with long corkscrew beards, although history and the Bayeux Tapestry make it certain that the Normans did not wear them.

Far back in Scripture history we find abundant indications of the value that was set upon a beard, which the Jews especially esteemed a great addition to its wearer's dignity, as may be gathered in a note to Mant's Bible, *Isaiah*, chap. vii.:

The hairs of the head are those of highest order in the State; those of the feet are the common people; the beard, the King, the High Priest, the very supreme in dignity and majesty.

That it has been considered a sign of sovereignty in later days is shown by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the choice of the King of Beggars is made to rest upon him who had the longest and the largest beard:

By that beard thou wert found out and mark'd for sovereignty,
Oh, happy beard! but happier Prince whose beard
Was so remark'd, as mark'd out our Prince,
Not bating its a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick and fair, that who lives under it
May live as safe as under beggar's bush,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

An altogether different view was taken of the matter by a writer in the year 1765, who, in his "Free Advice to a Young Clergyman," advised him "not to come into that Jewish fashion of wearing a skirting of beard round the face: in them it may be proper enough, but with us openness of countenance is characteristic of an ingenuous mind."

Bulwer, writing in 1673, thus quaintly describes the value of a moustache. He says:—"The ingenious Montaigne in his Essais, speaking of one who was wont to find fault with Nature, that she had not made provision for a sweet-bag to hang under our noses, expels the cavill, alledging that his mustachoes served him to that purpose in retaining the scent of his perfumed gloves, or any other sweet, wherewith he had touched them, which verely is a considerable use that may be made of this part. I knew a gentleman of good worth, who, being almost toothless, wore his mustachoes thick and standing up to conceal that lapse of his visage."

To what extremes such fancies may be carried was shown amusingly some fifty years ago by a Frenchman, in the presence of a witness well known to the writer. His upper lip was graced by a flowing moustache of such extraordinary length that it was his custom before a meal to tie it with the utmost gravity behind his head, that there might be no impediment to the full enjoyment of his food. Bulwer, whom we have already cited, speaks in another place of shaving the chin as a dishonour to Nature and considers it "an act not only of indecency, but of injustice, and ingratitude against

God and Nature; repugnant to Scripture, wherein we are forbidden not to corrupt the upper lip and lower the honour of the Beard, or shave it;" and he goes on to show that the cutting off a person's beard was considered as a severe punishment.

At the same period, it was held that the highest degree of spite or malice which could be offered to an enemy consisted not only in cutting off the head, but afterwards in shaving the beard and fixing the mouth into a grin. A similar sentiment of disgrace attached, at a somewhat later period, to any attempt to pull the beard, so we find in a note to Grey's "Hudibras": "To pull the devil by the beard, a common saying in England." The being pulled by the beard in Spain is deemed as dishonourable as being kicked in England. Archbishop Laud, when advised to make his escape, replied, "If I should get into Holland, I should have every Anabaptist come and pull me by the beard."

The expression to beard a person—that is, to affront him, or to set him at defiance—is illustrated by the words in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV," Part I, act i.: "I beard thee to thy face." For this the French expression was *faire la barbe à quelqu'un*; and in Italy it was said, *fa la barba ad uno*. It is difficult to ascertain when the very personal custom of pulling the nose superseded that of pulling the beard; but it most probably was adopted as a sufficiently strong equivalent when the chin became naked and close-shaven, and so afforded no handle for intended insult. In the reign of James II. as much as £30,000 was paid by William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, for this treatment of a person at Court.

That there may even be an element of danger in the beard we gather from a story, given in "Plutarch's Lives," of Alexander, who caused his Macedonian soldiers to be clipped, lest their enemies should make use of their beards as handles in the fight. Caesar has left it upon record that ancient Britons wore no beards, though they allowed hair to grow upon the upper lip; and Strabo bears testimony of an opposite sort, writing of Scilly islanders in his time, whose custom it was to grow beards, goat-fashion, in a point below the chin.

A strong proof of the value set upon this part of their personal adoration by men is found in the fact that, when the Normans sought to compel the English to shave, as they did themselves, many chose rather to abandon their country than to lose their whiskers. That this form of pride was not confined to comparatively modern days we know from St. Chrysostom, who tells us that Persian Kings wore long beards interwoven with golden threads, while slaves in the same country were shaved, as a sign of servitude.

The argument commonly adopted by those who do not shave is that "Nature knows best"; and although many in all ages have ignored this maxim, or contradicted it by removing, more or less, the hairs upon their face, it seems to have occurred to none, except to that most subtle race the Chinese, to supplement the gifts of Nature, and to attach with considerable skill false tufts of hair to the smooth surface of their chins.

Some humours of the beard may be gathered from early sources. In "Epigrams for the Muse's Recreation" (1640) we find:—

Thy beard is long, better it would thee fit,
To have a shorter beard and longer wit.

That the large and profuse beard, as worn by Cranmer, Knox, Cardinal Pole, and others, was much ridiculed by writers of the sixteenth century, we find in a play of that date:—

A dozen of beards
To stuffe two dozen of cushions.

And in Decker's "Gull's Horn-Book," 1609, we read of beards

"to stuff breeches and tennis-balls." While Shakspeare makes a similar sportive allusion in "Coriolanus," act ii., scene 2:—"And your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle." As akin to this we may quote from another play the words—"All my mistress's lines that she dries her clothes on are only made of mustachio stuff."

P. M. P.

Colonel W. Black, C.B., has been selected for the appointment of Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General on the Staff of the North British District.

Lord Egerton of Tatton cut the first turf of the Manchester Ship Canal, at Eastham, on Nov. 11, within a few yards of the point where the canal will emerge into the Mersey.

Mr. Philip James Hamilton Grierson, advocate, has been appointed Sheriff-Substitute at Banff, for Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., opened the winter Session of the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, on Nov. 11, by giving an address on "Aphorisms."

Mr. G. Lindo, solicitor, has been chosen to fill the vacancy in the representation of Coleman-street Ward in the Court of Common Council.

Mr. Selby, as a memorial of his late father, has made a gift to each of the Isle of Wight tenants of half a year's rent due at Michaelmas last, the total of this gift amounting to £5000.

It is stated that 4,765,137 persons visited the Manchester Exhibition, which closed on Nov. 10, and that the receipts amounted to about a quarter of a million sterling.

Baron Henry De Worms, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. C. M. Kennedy, C.B., of the Foreign Office; and Mr. F. G. Walpole, of her Majesty's Customs, have been appointed British delegates at the Conference on the sugar question.

The German Ambassador, accompanied by his daughter, Countess Hélène Hatzfeldt, has arrived at the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, from Berlin, in order to resume his diplomatic functions; and his Excellency Count Karolyi has arrived at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy, in Belgrave-square, from Vienna, to resume his ambassadorial functions.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain J. L. Coombs, master of the brigantine *Hattie*, of Boston, U.S.A., in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque *Acbar*, of Shoreham, whom he rescued in the Atlantic and conveyed to Martinique, declining to accept anything for their subsistence.

The historical church of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, one of Sir Christopher Wren's, has been enriched by six additional windows, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, completing the series commenced by the churchwardens in 1877. This church is famous for its connection with Thomas Fuller, the historian, Bishop Pearson, and Bishop Walton, in the Revolutionary period of the seventeenth century.

The School Board for London has been discussing, among other subjects, the question of the operations of the Bye-laws Committee. It was pointed out that, though the enforcement of the bye-laws costs £36,000 a year, hundreds of children who should be at school are still to be seen playing in the streets. Ultimately a recommendation of the committee with reference to visitors was agreed to. The Skinners' Company offered a scholarship of £30 per annum, tenable for four years, and it was accepted.

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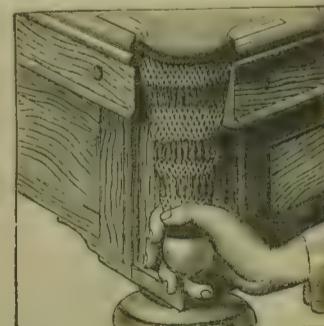
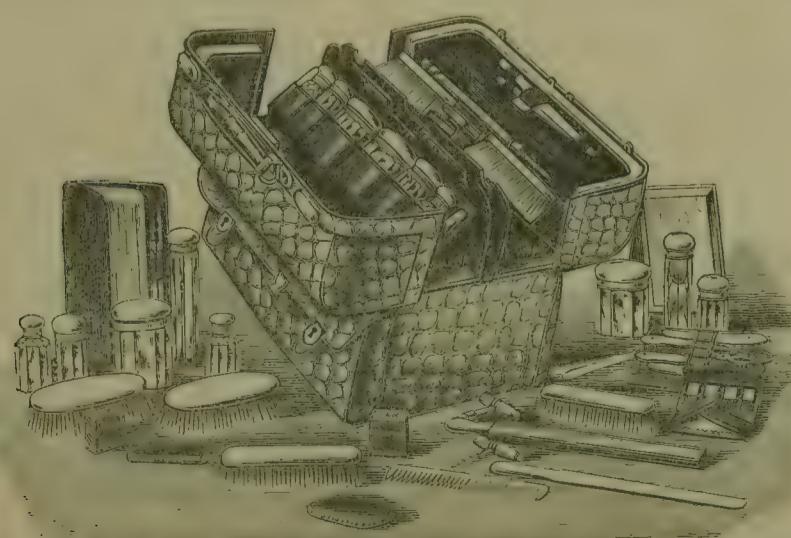
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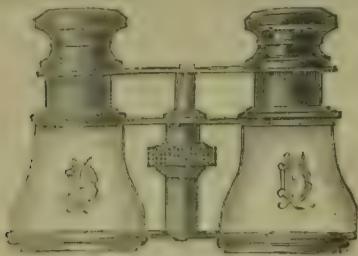
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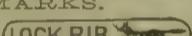
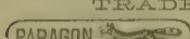
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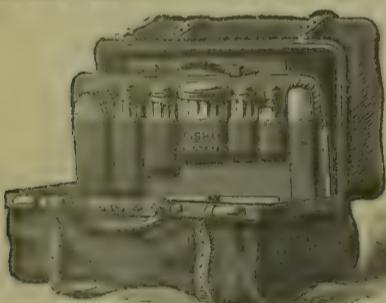
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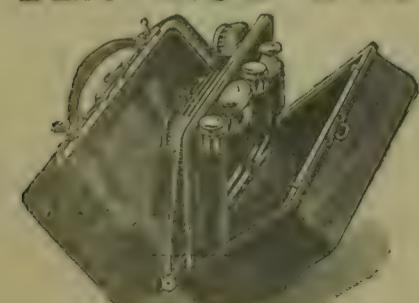
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RAMBLING SKETCHES: WHARFEDALE.

In the moorland hill region of the West Riding of Yorkshire, at the feet of three lofty mountains, Pen-y-ghent, Ingleborough, and Whernside, the altitudes of which, respectively, are 2273 ft. 2373 ft., and 2414 ft., the river Wharfe rises in the gritstone wilderness of Langstrothdale. Flowing eastward at first, it turns after passing Deepdale Chase and Kirk Gill to the south, and enters the limestone valleys, which exhibit many picturesque features of natural scenery, relics of historical antiquity, and places associated with legends of romantic or sentimental poetry. Wordsworth's muse has recited the tale of Rylstone, and hallowed, with gentle philosophy, the retreat of "the Shepherd Lord" at Barden Tower; and the fate of the "Boy of Egremont," who was drowned in leaping over the Strid, being dragged down by a hound which he was leading in a leash, is commemorated in a pathetic ballad. The ruins of Bolton Abbey are still more celebrated, and an imaginary restoration of its hospitable wealth and pride, in "the Olden Time," was the subject of one of Landseer's famous pictures. Of late years, or since the Ben Rhydding water-cure establishment was opened in 1844, Ilkley, which now possesses more than one institution of that kind, besides many convenient lodging-houses, has become a favourite resort of visitors seeking health or recreation in the finest air that can be breathed in England. They can explore, without any difficulty, the most interesting part of Wharfedale; and our Rambling Artist's Sketches may be kept in mind next summer, when many people will be asking the annual question, "Where shall we go?"

Bolton Abbey was founded in the twelfth century, as a Priory of monks of St. Augustine, by the Lady Cecilia De Romillé, of Embay, and her husband, William FitzDuncan, who are said to have been moved to this pious act by sorrow for the untimely death of their boy, heir to the barony of Egremont, accidentally drowned at the Strid. The monastery became rich, the Prior and fifteen Canons having two hundred lay servants in their household, but was more than once plundered in the Scottish wars under Edward II. It was suppressed and confiscated by Henry VIII., in 1539, and the site, with adjacent domains, was sold to Henry Clifford, then created Earl of Cumberland, passing afterwards by inheritance to the Earl of Cork, and finally to the



THE STRID.



GLEN OF ROCKS.



BOLTON ABBEY.



BARDEN TOWER, FROM THE WHARFE.

Duke of Devonshire, who now owns this property. The ruins are beautifully situated on a piece of meadow ground, with large oak and ash trees, round which the Wharfe bends in a fine curve, emerging from the woods above; a steep rock rises on the opposite bank of the river. The nave of the church, which is mostly of Early English architecture, has been restored; the north aisle is of the Decorated Gothic style, as well as the north transept and the choir, which is in ruins. There are few remains of the cloisters and convent buildings; the ancient gateway of the Priory has been removed to adorn the front of Bolton Hall, and is represented in Sir Edward Landseer's picture. The churchyard, to which the white doe of Rylstone used to come every Sunday during the hours of Divine worship, is described in Wordsworth's poem.

Nearly two miles above Bolton Abbey is the place, in Barden Woods, where the stream is narrowed to a passage, a few feet wide, between jutting shelves of rock, called "The Strid," which a bold and agile jumper may easily clear. A road by the Barden beck, or brook, leads up to the Tower, where Lord Clifford, who fought at the Battle of Flodden, leading the troops of the Craven district, but who preferred a life of solitary study to the pursuits of worldly ambition, spent the greater part of his life, dying in 1623.

Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills;
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The peace that is among the lonely hills.

Several fine drawings, by Turner, of the scenery of this neighbourhood are in the Farnley Hall collection. Trowler's Gill, Posforth Gill, and the "Valley of Desolation," with rocky glens and waterfalls, are notable objects in the choice of excursions. The site of Rylstone Hall, the home of the Nortons, a family of whom the aged sire and his sons perished in the rebellion of 1569, is between Airedale and Wharfedale.

NEW BOOKS.

Recollections of Forty Years. By Ferdinand De Lesseps. Translated by C. B. Pitman. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—Contemporary France should own, as a truer glory than that of any Napoleon, or even than that of Victor Hugo, the great works of the "grand old man" who has opened the navigation from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, and has begun the task of cutting a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Part of the first volume of these memoirs, which are no complete autobiography, consists of a collection of documents, loosely connected by a few incidental notes, concerning his earlier career in the French diplomatic service. He was Consul at Cairo in 1833, and became intimate with the young Prince, Mohammed Said; in 1842 he was appointed Consul at Barcelona, and in 1848 Minister of the French Republic at Madrid. His personal influence with Narvaez, then at the head of the Spanish Government, enabled him to save the lives of some of the ringleaders in an abortive military insurrection. In 1849 he had received the appointment of Minister at Berne, but was unexpectedly sent to Rome, with hasty and equivocal instructions, to prevent, as he considered, further conflict between the Romans and the French army commanded by General Oudinot. The subsequent conduct of the French Government, whose principal members were M. Drouyn de l'Huys, M. Odilon Barrot, M. De Falloux, and finally M. De Tocqueville, while the Prince-President, Louis Napoleon, scarcely interfered, was very disgraceful to France. It has never been imputed to M. De Lesseps that he was a conscious partner, during the two weeks that he passed at Rome, in the course of base dissimulation and treachery by which the French assault on that city was prepared. He was forbidden to recognise formally the Republican Provisional Government vested in Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini, but he faithfully endeavoured to maintain the independence of Rome, and to secure for the revolted subjects of the Pope an opportunity of forming a new and free Constitution. He negotiated with their actual chiefs, in a frank and friendly spirit, for an amicable intervention by which the French troops should occupy the Alban hills and other neighbouring stations, for the protection of Rome against the approaching Austrian, Neapolitan, and Spanish forces. His terms were accepted by the Romans; but General Oudinot, relying on private communications from the reactionary members of his Government, who were guided by the instigations of the Papal Court at Gaeta, determined to attack the city. M. De Lesseps, having already concluded a friendly Convention with the Romans, and sent it to Paris for ratification, protested against the behaviour of the General, who grossly insulted him, and left Italy to justify at home the use he had made of his powers. He was, after an unfair official inquiry, censured by the Council of State, and withdrew from the diplomatic service. This account of his political action is fully substantiated by the documents here republished; and his personal anecdotes of Mazzini, of the condition of Rome at that period, and of the military bullying spirit in the French camp, are interesting to those who care for the struggles of Italy and the rights of nations. During several years he lived in retirement, managing an estate which belonged to his wife's mother, until, in July, 1851, the death of Abbas Pasha, and the accession of Said Pasha to the rule over Egypt, offered to M. De Lesseps the chance of proposing his grand scheme of the Suez Canal. This had been in his mind since 1833, having, indeed, as a speculative project, been long familiar to Frenchmen acquainted with Egypt. He had, though neither an engineer nor a financier, carefully studied the subject, and saw the way to execute the task. Going at once to Alexandria, he was cordially welcomed by Said Pasha, whom he accompanied, as a confidential friend and honoured guest in journeys attended with much pomp and state, to different provinces of Egypt and the Soudan. The narrative of these, in his diary and private letters, the description of the line of the Suez Canal, and the copious official correspondence, with the accounts of his interviews with Sovereigns and statesmen, and with engineers, men of science, and men of business, in starting his great enterprise, fill half the first volume and half the second. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, at Constantinople, and Lord Palmerston, in London, were, unhappily, the obstinate opponents of a work that seemed, to their prejudiced minds, hostile to British interests. M. De Lesseps, in an interview he had with Lord Palmerston in 1855, found his conversation on this topic so "incoherent," violent, and "senseless," that his Lordship appeared to him rather like a "maniac" than like a politician. We depurate such harsh language, but confess that Lord Palmerston and some other great Englishmen were utterly mistaken. A reflecting perusal of these volumes, and a reference to the opinions recorded, which would be much easier if the editor had provided an index, throws much light on the past traditions of British policy with regard to Egypt and the Turkish Empire. They serve also to explain the origin of that sentiment of antagonism between England and France, in Egyptian affairs, which has not even yet been wholly appeased, but for which, in our estimation, there are no substantial grounds. One of the unforeseen events which helped to overcome the opposition of our Government was the advantage, experienced in 1857, of sending troops by way of Suez to suppress the Indian Mutiny, and the permission then given to let them pass by the overland route through France. The unwise and illiberality of our Ministers was not shared by the commercial classes in London and other large mercantile towns, or by the conductor of the *Times* and other leaders of English public opinion. Nevertheless, it is mainly to the credit of France and of other foreign nations, as well as to that of M. De Lesseps individually, and of Said Pasha and Ismail Pasha, that this magnificent and most useful work was achieved. We cannot but feel, likewise, with reference to the Panama Ship Canal, which M. De Lesseps has undertaken since 1879, and in which vast sums have been expended by French shareholders, that England has failed to recognise duly the immense benefit it is calculated to bestow on mankind, especially on our Australasian colonies, while it has been unworthily disparaged in the United States of America, and has been treated with contemptuous predictions of disaster. The excess of cost beyond the original estimates is surely a point which concerns none but the shareholders, and will ultimately be of no importance to the world in general. A permanent construction of that kind, once completed, will serve for all time to accommodate future generations, and might well have been performed by an international combination of Governments with public funds, expecting small direct pecuniary return. Some information about this inter-oceanic canal, through which M. De Lesseps promises that ships will pass in November, 1889, two years from the present date, may be got from a chapter in the second volume. Its remaining contents are an historical sketch of the introduction of the steam-engine and steam-ships, essays on the French province of Algeria, on Tunis, on Abyssinia, on the Duties of Consuls, and the speeches delivered at the French Academy in 1885, when this illustrious Frenchman was elected one of that learned corporation. Though discursive and fragmentary, the

mixed papers here collected have much value, and we commend them to all who wish to be well informed of the great things done in our time.

Vassili Verestchagin: Painter, Soldier, and Traveller. Autobiographical Sketches, Translated by F. H. Peters, M.A.; Oxford. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The exhibition, at the Grosvenor Gallery, of the eminent Russian artist's pictures makes it opportune to publish this English version of some writings by himself and by his wife, who was the companion of his travels in India, describing passages in his experience and the scenes that he has beheld. They do not amount to an autobiography, and are entirely free from conscious self-display. The little personal sketches, or kindly reminiscences, of a good woman, the nurse of his childhood, and of an old huntsman, whose talk of the shooting of roe-deer and elk, of the trapping of wolves and of encounters with bears, was delightful to a boy in the country, are characteristic of the Russian peasantry. At the age of twenty-one, having learnt to use the pencil and brush, M. Verestchagin set out for the Caucasus and for the Asiatic provinces beyond. His observations of different races of people, and of the places he visited, seem to have been separately recorded, and may very likely have been printed in his own language, and rendered into German or French, on former occasions; they are here collected without any narrative link between them. No precise date is assigned to his striking account of the Shiite religious festival, and the Moslem passion-play of the martyrdom of Hussein, performed by Tartar or Persian devotees of the sect, at the town of Shusha, in Karabagh; or to the interesting visits which he paid to the Duchobortzis, at Slaviansk, and to the Molokanes, somewhere in Transcaucasia, communities of religious Dissenters banished from European Russia for their rejection of the authority of the Orthodox Church. The Duchobortzis, who are quite illiterate, but very innocent, quiet, and pious folk, appear to resemble the Quakers in their doctrines and practices; while some of the Molokanes, with their ecstatic dancing, their pretended miraculous gift of tongues, and their approval of polygamy, remind one of the most extravagant American sects. We find much worthy of attention in M. Verestchagin's notes of his journeys through Central Asia, from 1867, when he set forth as Attaché to General Kaufmann, the Governor of Turkestan, to the end of 1870, when he returned to Europe and settled at Munich. Only about one hundred pages of the first volume are filled with these notes made in Central Asia, of which a larger proportion would have been acceptable, though we must bear in mind that great changes have been effected since 1870, and even since 1880, by Russian conquest and administration. These changes, we know from independent English testimony, have been highly beneficent. The slave-trade of Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand, with the hunting and kidnapping of men, women, and children by thousands, for the atrocious traffic of the Turkomans, has been effectually suppressed by Russia; commerce, agriculture, and social order have taken the place, in the provinces annexed to her Empire, with a strict but equitable rule, of the corrupt, barbaric system of plunder and cruelty; and railways are being rapidly constructed to carry European civilisation beyond the Oxus. There is no part of the world, at this time, where greater improvements can be witnessed than have been effected so quickly; and its condition at the period of M. Verestchagin's sojourn there belongs to the past. He describes Tashkend, then the seat of the Russian Government, with the mixture of many various races, Sarts, Tadjiks, Usbekis, Kirghiz, and Nogay Tartars, Kashgar people, Afghans, Persians, Arabs, Jews, and Hindoos, among the city population; and several places on the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, lay in the course of his travels. These were extended, in a later journey, over the Chinese frontier to Tchugutchak, the scene of a frightful massacre of Chinese and Kalmucks by the insurgent Mohammedan Dunghans. He was also with the Russian Army at the capture of Samarcand, but has little to say of military or political events. His numerous drawings of portraits and figures of persons of the different races and classes are wonderfully lifelike and characteristic, and are finely engraved for this book. Madame Verestchagin occupies a great part of both volumes with her more detailed narrative of their travels in India, in Cashmere, in Ladak, and in Sikkim among the Eastern Himalayas, which are very well known to many of our own countrymen. She and her husband performed the feat of ascending a very high mountain in the coldest season of the year. The second volume contains also M. Verestchagin's adventures with the army in the Russo-Turkish war in Bulgaria, some reminiscences of General Skobelev, and of the novelist Tourgenieff, and other detached papers of sufficient interest.

Louise De Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. By H. Forneron. (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.).—The English translation of this historical memoir, partly compiled from papers in the archives of the French Foreign Office, is accompanied with a preface by Mrs. G. M. Crawford, in a style which, as well as that of the "dedication" and some words on the title-page, does not seem proper or just to the living representatives of a family of high rank in England. No expressions, indeed, of scorn and indignation can be too severe when applied to the Court of Charles II.; for that King, his male and female favourites, and the "Cabal" Ministers, were certainly the vilest set of persons that ever ruled this country. The artful and intriguing Frenchwoman, whom Louis XIV. employed, by the sacrifice of a chastity little regarded in either of the Courts in that age, to enthrall the English Government, while he at the same time bribed the Sovereign, the Ministers, and leading members of both Houses of Parliament, with gifts and wages in money, is an important historical personage. It is expedient, perhaps, that her character and actions should be recorded, though to Englishmen this must be a painful and shameful passage of our national history. She was the daughter of a Breton gentleman of ancient family; and in 1669 was here in attendance on the French Princess Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who was sister to King Charles II. and cousin to Louis XIV. After a few months, "Madame Henriette" died, and the French Government wanted another agent at our Court; so Mdlle. De Keroualle was set to catch the Royal blackguard of Whitehall Palace, who had got rather tired of Barbara Palmer, Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, and to whom Nell Gwyn was only a coarse diversion. The new mistress, though illiterate, was a sly manager, cunning, and entirely devoted to the French service. She enabled the King of France to rule our foreign policy, with brief interruptions, until the death of Charles, in 1685, while she enjoyed an income of £19,000 a year, besides estates given to her in England and in France; and her son, the Duke of Lennox and Richmond, was endowed with a perpetual annuity to the same amount, which his heirs have recently commuted. The French invasion of the Palatinate and of the Netherlands, and the conquests of Alsace, Franche Comté, and Flanders, were facilitated by her Circean seductions; so that she may perhaps be considered, though two centuries ago, one of the original causes of the latest war between France and Germany. Personally, she does not present either an imposing or a charming figure in this biography, which contains, however, many curious descriptions of the manners and morals of the Court, and extracts

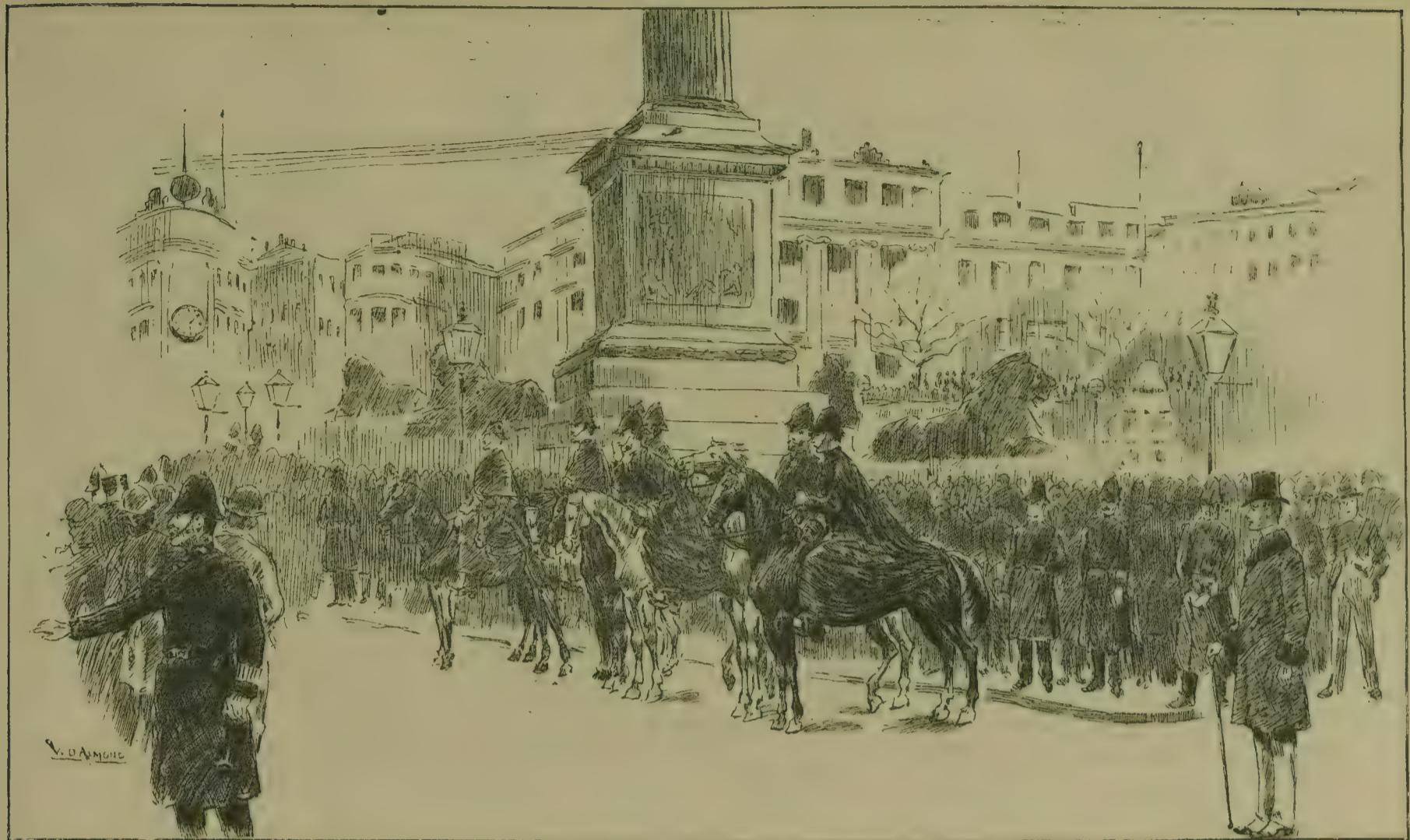
from the correspondence of the French Ministers and diplomats. The infamous part which was played by Lord Arlington and his wife, at their grand mansion of Euston, near Newmarket, in providing accommodation of a certain character, is one of the accessory incidents. Anecdotes of Nell Gwyn, an impudent slut who gained popularity among English folk as a rival to the more pernicious foreign mistresses, will be found here by readers who can relish a coarse vein of humour. The celebrated adventuress, Hortense Mancini, Duchess Mazarin, niece to the great Cardinal who had ruled France, and one of the most abandoned women that ever lived, is conspicuous in the scandals of that age. Her life was a complete romance of varied vice and insolent depravity; yet she, as well as the more decorous Louise De Keroualle, was patronised by grave statesmen, through such respectable agents as Ruyigny and Courtin, for the degradation and enslavement of the English Monarchy. Barrillon, who succeeded Courtin here in 1677, connected his intrigues more intimately with the Duchess of Portsmouth, and with the interests of the Roman Catholic faction, then violently assailed by the champions of English Protestantism, under Lord Shaftesbury's leadership, culminating in the pretended revelations of Titus Oates concerning a Popish plot. The cunning Frenchwoman acquired no little political power from the consequent reaction, being associated with Lord Sunderland in the endeavour to carry on the King's government without a Parliament, by the aid of secret subsidies from France. She was, at this time, even tolerated by the Queen, who regarded her as a supporter of the Court and of the Catholic religion. After leaving England, in 1685, she lived nearly fifty years on her estate at Aubigny, where she bestowed gifts on hospitals, convent schools, and churches. This volume is adorned with six portraits, well engraved.

Tiger-Shooting in the Doon and Ulwar: with Life in India. By Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fife-Cookson (Chapman and Hall). The author of this volume is favourably known to readers of his military experiences "With the Armies of the Balkans," and of another book of travels in Turkey. He was three years in India, as Adjutant of the 65th Regiment, before entering the Staff College in 1874, and had opportunities of enjoying the sport which he prefers to any other—tiger-killing in the jungle—of which he gives a straightforward, unvarnished account in an unpretending style. The Dehra Doon, where he spent in this pursuit the months of May and June, 1871, extends forty-five miles along the foot of the Himalayas, from the Jumna river to the Ganges, and is separated from the plains by the Siwalik range of hills. In the rainy season its climate is unhealthy; and, the villages being few and most of the land uncultivated, there is abundance of big game, elephants, tigers, leopards, bears, hogs, sambar, chital, and other kinds of deer. Colonel Fife-Cookson, in his tiger-shooting and the Eastern Doon, has usually one companion, which he thinks better than going with a large party. An elephant accustomed to hunting, with a practised driver, one or two horses, a shikaree or native huntsman acquainted with the ground, and the needful personal attendants, with a couple of small tents and baggage carried by coolies, were taken on this expedition. The weapons to be chosen were a couple of twelve-bore pin-fire rifles, which should be loaded with four drachms of powder and hardened shells. The Dehra Doon natives are not so good at tracking as those of Rajpootana, but they often have the most exact knowledge of the habits and haunts of particular tigers infesting their neighbourhood. Information is brought to the sportsman that a tiger has killed a bullock, or some other animal, at a certain spot, the evening before. The tiger will probably return next evening, and perhaps a third evening, to devour the remainder of the carcase. In the day-time preparations are made by fitting up a small platform, or, it may be, only sticking up a charpoy, or native bedstead, in the branches of a large tree, where two or more persons will sit at night; or one sportsman may sit up in one tree and his friend in the tree opposite. When the tiger comes near enough, if there be moonlight to see him, they may get a shot, aiming behind his shoulder. If he be wounded, and seek cover in the bushes, they descend cautiously, supposing the tiger to be lying near, and try to find him, which is sometimes dangerous. Fancy taking a lantern to look for a tiger! If the wounded tiger has got quite away, they may think it worth while to mount the elephant and pursue him; or he may be found dead next day. This is the ordinary sport described by Colonel Fife-Cookson, especially in the Jogiwala district and on the banks of the Suswa. A bullock is sometimes purchased and tied up to serve as bait for the tiger. The author's later hunting experiences were in Ulwar, a province of Rajpootana, about a hundred miles north-west of Agra. The country there is very different, presenting fewer convenient trees; the ground is hard and rocky, with no thick jungle. It was necessary, in the absence of their elephants, for the sportsmen to stand on foot, waiting till the tiger was driven past them by a crowd of beaters, of course in broad daylight. This did not prove so successful as the method of night-watching, in the "machan" or prepared perch in a tree, of which the author made satisfactory proof in Ulwar. A native Rajah will indulge in sport, according to his ideas, by lodging at night, with his servants, in an "oddie," a small fortress or hut with several rooms, surrounded with a walled court-yard; the tiger is attracted by a bullock tied up outside, and the Rajah, then arising from bed, comes out and shoots from behind the wall. Shooting from the howdah on the back of an elephant, which was also practised by the author, has its advantages; but the Englishman does not hesitate to dismount and engage a wounded tiger. Colonel Fife-Cookson tells us much of leopards, panthers, and other wild beasts; and of pythons and cobras, of the habits of vultures and jackals in gathering to eat the dead, and of lake and river fishing; the mahseer, a species of carp, is much larger than any salmon. He describes social life at the hill-station of Mussoorie; and his sojourn at the cities of Agra, Delhi, and Lucknow, and at Nynee Tal, affords some incidents for remark. But tiger-shooting is the main theme of this volume, which is adorned with ten good illustrations, drawn by Mr. E. Hobday, R.H.A., from the author's sketches.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the appointment of the Rev. Archibald R. S. Kennedy, B.D., to be Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Aberdeen, in place of the Rev. John Forbes, D.D., who has resigned that office; and of the appointment of Mr. George Denison Faber to the post of Registrar of the Privy Council, lately vacated by Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B.

Persons desirous to see the splendid show of chrysanthemums in the Inner Temple Gardens must lose no time, as the exhibition will shortly be closed. There are 900 plants altogether, of about 500 different varieties. They are of excellent quality; and, as none but plants grown in the Temple Gardens are exhibited, a striking testimony is afforded of what can be effected in floriculture even under the peculiar conditions of weather and surroundings belonging to a great city like London. This show, moreover, includes specimens of thirty-six varieties which, under the care of Mr. John Newton, the Temple gardener, have been introduced to the Temple Gardens.

THE RIOTS IN LONDON ON SUNDAY, NOV. 13: DEFENCE OF TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.



THE POLICE IN READINESS: SOUTH SIDE OF TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

Sunday, Nov. 13, 1887, will be a day memorable in London history for a set conflict, in which, happily, no lives were lost or any permanently serious injuries, so far as we know, inflicted on body or limbs, though hard knocks were exchanged by the combatants on both sides; but in which the metropolitan police, supported by the presence of the Life Guards and Grenadier Guards, successfully defended Trafalgar-square against a riotous assemblage of probably twenty thousand men and youths, who defied the legal prohibition to come in various processions, with their bands and flags, to hold a popular meeting. This was forbidden by the notice which was issued a week before by Sir Charles Warren, with the approval of the Home Secretary and her Majesty's Commissioners of Works and Public Buildings. The projected meeting was convened by the Metropolitan Radical Federation,

ostensibly to demand the release of Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., "and other Irish patriots."

Sir Charles Warren caused the following police regulation to be conspicuously posted on Saturday in all parts of the metropolis:—"In exercise of the powers vested in me, under the Act 2 and 3 Vict., cap. 47, I hereby make the following regulation:—No organised procession shall be allowed to approach Trafalgar-square on Sunday, Nov. 13."—CHARLES WARREN, the Commissioner of the Police of the Metropolis."

In accordance with this notice, Sir Charles Warren, on Sunday, occupied the square with a picket of police at nine in the morning, surrounded it with police at eleven, and at one had 1500 police in position. There were 100 men in single file along the parapet on each side of the square outside, and inside 120 in double file; at the head of each of the steps leading

into the square stood 100 constables in fours, while fifty more covered the corners at each end, standing two deep. In front the face of the square was held by fully 750 men standing four deep. The mounted police patrolled all sides of the square in couples. Altogether there were 1500 policemen in the square; 2500 were employed in breaking up processions and in reserve; 300 of the Grenadiers were behind the National Gallery until four, when they were brought out with fixed bayonets to line the parapet in front of the National Gallery. The 1st Life Guards were called out at four. Altogether, Sir Charles Warren kept the square clear by employing 4000 constables, 300 mounted constables, 300 Grenadiers, and 300 Life Guards, who were on duty till past six in the evening.

It was in the streets by which the several processions from Clerkenwell, from Notting-hill, from the east of London



THE STRUGGLE IN THE HAYMARKET.

THE RIOTS IN LONDON ON SUNDAY, NOV. 13: DEFENCE OF TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.



THE LIFE GUARDS AND MR. MARSHAM, THE MAGISTRATE, ADVANCING ON THE CROWD.

along the Strand, and from South London over Westminster Bridge, sought to approach Trafalgar-square, that the fighting actually began.

A meeting had been held, as on the former occasion, in Clerkenwell-green, where resolutions were proposed and speeches made by Mr. Poole, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Aveling, Mr. W. Fuller, and Mr. W. Morris, the poet. It was a combined affair of the "London Patriotic Club," the Irish Home Rule Union, and the Socialist Democratic Federation. A procession was formed, headed by the bands of the East Finsbury Radical

Club and St. Peter's, Clerkenwell, with red banners. They passed through Clerkenwell-road, Theobald's-road, and Hart-street, to Broad-street, Bloomsbury; but as the procession turned down to St. Martin's-lane, a detachment of mounted constables rode into their midst and scattered them, being seconded by a strong force of police on foot. The crowd offered a strong resistance, striking at the horses, and throwing missiles at their riders. Several of the police, who were compelled to draw their staves, received ugly wounds.

In the Strand, at the corner of Wellington-street, a collision

occurred between the police and a body of Socialists, headed by a man carrying a red flag, and after a short fierce battle the police were victorious, and compelled the mob to turn up Wellington-street, and through Tavistock-street into Covent-garden.

The procession from Peckham, Bermondsey, Deptford, and Battersea met at Westminster Bridge. By word of command the crowd, some eight thousand strong, linked arms and entered Parliament-square. Superintendent Dunlop, of the A Division, gave orders to his men to disperse the meeting. There were



POLICE TAKING CAPTURED BANNERS TO SCOTLAND-YARD.

3
THE RIOTS IN LONDON ON SUNDAY, NOV. 13: DEFENCE OF TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.



THE LIFE GUARDS KEEPING THE SQUARE.

Not this side

THE RIOTS IN LONDON ON SUNDAY, NOV. 13: DEFENCE OF TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.



CHARGE OF MOUNTED POLICE AT THE CORNER OF THE GRAND HOTEL.

in the crowd about fifteen banners with devices; for these the police aimed, and they seemed to be the rallying points for the crowd. The police batons were drawn, and, headed by the mounted constables, they broke up the procession, using their weapons where any stand was made against them; while the mob, who were armed with iron bars, pokers, gas-pipes, and short sticks, and even knives, attacked the police with fury. Ten flags with large pole-staves were taken from the mob. The police disarmed many of the rioters, and the weapons they captured were thrown down the gratings in the shop fronts.

In the Haymarket, thirty or forty police encountered a large procession from Notting-hill and Paddington, combined with the Sarsfield Branch of the Irish National League, mostly armed with formidable sticks, and accompanied by their bands and banners. The constables were rather taken by surprise, having expected the procession to pass down Lower Regent-street and Waterloo-place; but they quickly formed a double line across the road, opposite the Haymarket Theatre. When the band had got within twenty yards it was intimated that the people could not be allowed to approach the square in an organised procession. The leaders persisting, the police forced their way through the crowd, scattering them in all directions. After a struggle of a couple of minutes, the banners were captured and the procession entirely broken up. The captured trophies were then destroyed, the poles being broken and the banners ignominiously rolled up into a bundle and carried to Scotland-yard.

In the meantime, the police at the south-east corner of Trafalgar-square, in front of the Grand Hotel, at the Charing-cross Post-office, and in Northumberland-avenue, had enough to do with a constantly increasing multitude of antagonists, coming in small parties from the mobs of processionists that had been broken up as described. The roadway from Charing-cross along the south side of the square was kept clear for the passage of omnibuses and cabs, which were as numerous, though it was on Sunday, as on the busiest days of the week, during the whole afternoon, many vehicles being occupied by spectators of the unwonted sight. An inrush of the mob from the Strand would soon have filled the roadways south and east

of Trafalgar-square, but this was repressed by the mounted police, half-a-dozen at a time, repeatedly charging the crowds in the road, and dispersing them, also clearing away those who stood on the side pavements. They were often resisted and attacked with stones, and the shop-windows below the front of the Grand Hotel were broken; while one mounted constable, in backing his horse on the pavement, smashed the plate-glass window of the electrician's shop on the ground-floor of the block of high buildings opposite, at the corner of Northumberland-avenue and Charing-cross, lately occupied by the National Liberal Club.

Just before four o'clock, an excited movement was visible among the crowd at the Strand entrance to the square; and a column of about four hundred men advanced, led by a gentleman without his hat and by another person. These turned out to be Mr. Cunningham Graham, M.P., and Mr. Burns, the well-known Socialist, who had come with the avowed intention of testing the legality of Sir Charles Warren's proclamation. Mr. Graham is alleged to have made a determined rush at the police at the corner of the square, and to have assaulted some of the constables in an attempt to get through the files. He had no stick in his hand, but it is said to have used his fists freely. In the struggle, the police used their batons, and Mr. Graham received a blow on the head, inflicting a wound which bled freely. Mr. Burns' arrest was effected without interchange of blows. The two prisoners were taken within the cordon of police to the centre of the square, where Mr. Graham's wound was attended to by the surgeon. Later, the two gentlemen were taken to Bow-street, charged with "riot and assault on the police."

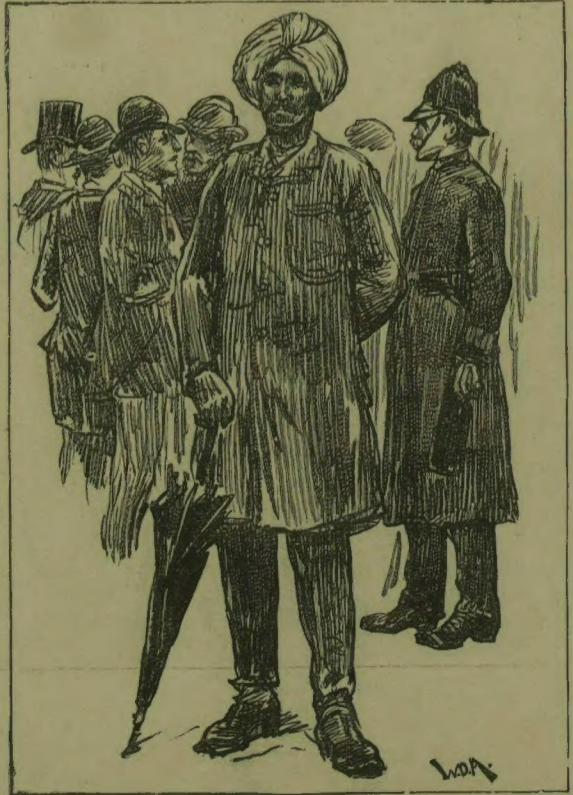
At a quarter-past four o'clock loud cheers were given by the crowd nearest Whitehall, and the word flew round that the military were approaching. After a brief interval the bright cuirasses and helmets of the 1st Life Guards came in sight, and a detachment of 200 troopers entered the square, under the command of Colonel Talbot, by whose side at the head of the regiment rode Mr. Marsham, one of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates. The troops proceeded to the top of the square in wide formation, and then having formed eight abreast, trotted

slowly round the cordon of police amid cheers and cries, groans and hisses. Meantime, a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards, 150 strong, under the command of Colonel Dundonald, arrived in Whitehall, but did not enter the square. After patrolling the square three or four times, the 1st Life Guards divided their forces and proceeded to ride round in opposite directions, the two sections crossing each other at the northern and southern extremities of the square. Although the troopers did not make any active endeavour to move on the mob, their presence seemed to have a wholesome effect. At ten minutes to five the Grenadier Guards, under Major Crichton, wheeled down into the square from St. George's Barracks, with their rifles on their shoulders, their bayonets fixed, and twenty rounds of ball cartridge in their pouches. When the troops got in front of the National Gallery they halted, opened up into lines, and drove the crowd back from the roadway on to the pavement, where they came into contact with the police. A few showed a disposition to maintain their ground against the military; but two or three of the soldiers brought their bayonets to the charge, and this ended all thoughts of resistance. The officers and sergeants of the Grenadiers rushed in front of their men, and ordered them to put up their arms. The mob now hooted and cursed the soldiers, who dropped their rifles on the toes of all who ventured near them, and struck with their fists. This treatment was too severe for the demonstrators, and the north of the square was soon pretty well cleared. Shortly after, the mounted police began to make a determined effort to clear the southern end of the square. Fresh bodies of constables assisted, and by six o'clock all danger of further disturbance was at an end.

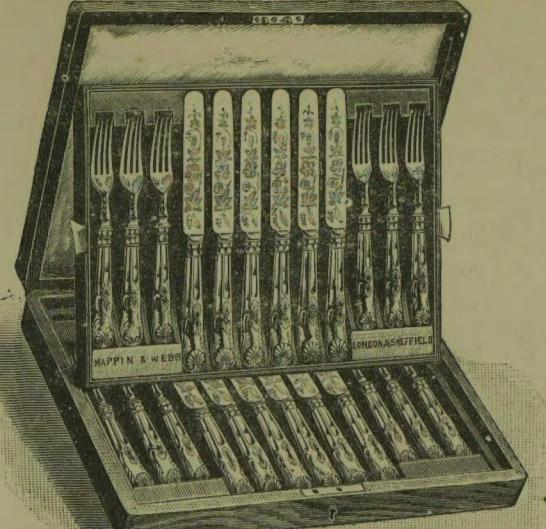
More than 150 persons were conducted to the neighbouring hospitals for surgical treatment, seventy-five at the Charing-cross Hospital. Nearly 300 rioters were taken prisoners; and, on Monday, above forty were charged at Bow-street Police-Court. Some were sentenced to imprisonment with hard labour, for one, two, three, or six months. The case of Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Burns was adjourned to Nov. 22, with bail for the prisoners.



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D R. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

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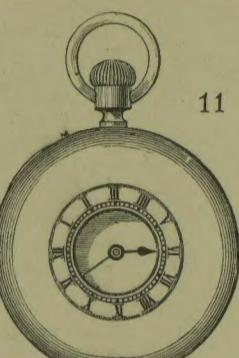
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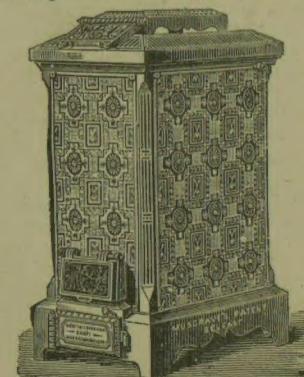
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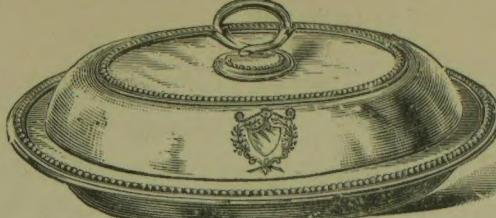
Silver Medal, Amsterdam, 1884.

Gold Medal,

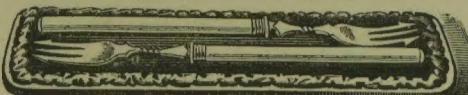
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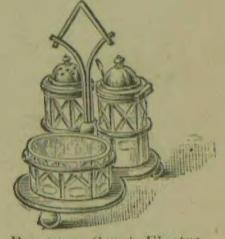
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A CENTURY AGO.

NOVEMBER, 1787.

Last month closed with peaceful demonstrations on the part of France and England. The press warrants were recalled, and the pressed men released. The Government found themselves with huge quantities of warlike stores on hand, and were asking contractors on what terms they would consent to have their contracts annulled. Three per Cent Consols, which at the end of October were 7½, left off at end of November at 7¾. Many who had looked to making fortunes out of the war were disappointed, notably in a speculation in saltpetre. On Oct. 2 was a great sale of this chemical at the East India House, when it was sold at an advance of £5 per ton; but it proved a disastrous speculation to the buyers.

Are we to take the following as true, because it is headed "Genuine Anecdote"? "A penurious Rector of a good benefice somewhere in the North of England insisted, in contradiction to the long-established customs of the parish, on receiving his tithes in kind. This communicated universal disgust. Amongst others, an honest old farmer, who kept a great quantity of bees, was exceedingly offended, and adopted the following mode of gratifying his resentment. He wrapt up one of his hives, full of bees, in a thick cloth, and took it under his arm to the Rector's house. Desiring to speak with him, he was introduced into his study. He then told his Reverence that he had ten hives: he had, in obedience to his declaration, brought him one as his tithe in kind. Without further parley, he threw it into the middle of the room and hastily withdrew, pulling-to the door and locking it after him. The bees, it seems, had but little pious respect for the dignity of the profession, and almost stung the poor clergyman to death before he could possibly obtain assistance."

The canker of lotteries had got deeply into the national system, and, although some of them, like our "Art Union," might have been harmless—such as the lottery for the British Museum, 1753; that of Cox's Museum, 1773; sale of the Adelphi-buildings, in the same year; the Leverian Museum, 1784-5; the Pigott diamond, 1802; and the lottery for Alderman Boydell's pictures, in 1804-5—yet there were the State lotteries, established in 1693, which for over a hundred and thirty years yielded a large annual revenue to the Crown. In this month was drawn, beginning on Nov. 12, the Irish State Lottery, of the total value in prizes of £200,000, allotted as under:—

No. of Prizes.	Value of Each.	Total Value.
2	£10,000	is £20,000
2	5,000	is 10,000
4	2,000	is 8,000
8	1,000	is 8,000
11	500	is 7,000
30	100	is 3,000
60	50	is 3,000
200	20	is 4,000
13,050	10	is 130,500
13,570 Prizes		£193,500
First drawn on 1st, 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th days, £1000 each		5,000
Last drawn		1,500
26,630 Blanks.		
40,000 Tickets		£200,000

Thus we see that the tickets were of the nominal value of five pounds each, but the numerous dealers in these articles seemed to have had no settled prices for them, the most curious thing being that from some dealers, up to the time of drawing, these tickets could be purchased for £4 14s. 6d. each, whilst others were charging £7; but then the lower charge excluded from all chance of winning a £10 prize.

News travelled slowly in those days, and the first notice I can find of any result of the drawing is in *The World* of Nov. 19: "The Irish ticket No. 13,678, as first drawn, entitled to £100, was sold by Messrs. Wenham and



Co., &c." I reproduce, on a very diminished scale, a bill of one of these lottery ticketmongers, in which Fortune is depicted as showering her gifts on all who purchase their tickets of him.

Here is a story, which, if it did not appear in different newspapers, is hardly credible. On Nov. 10, three drovers were sitting together in a public-house, in the neighbourhood of Fleet Market, when, for a trifling wager, they agreed to toss who should cut off the other's ears. The winner, a brutal fellow, who some years previously had chopped off his thumb to avoid service in the Army, actually cut off the ears of one man, who subsequently died from loss of blood; and one of the ears of the other man was slightly cut.

Some of the punishments of a hundred years since were, to our ideas, brutal; but, certainly, were not then looked upon as such:—"Nov. 23. Yesterday morning a man who has for some years kept an old-iron shop in Fleet-lane, and who was convicted at the Old Bailey of buying pewter-pots knowing them to be stolen, was, agreeable to his sentence, whipt at the cart-tail from Newgate to Fleet Market and back again, amidst the hisses and acclamations of his old neighbours, the sentence of the Court obliging him to pass by his own door."

A curious story comes from Barbadoes, under date of Nov. 19, which involves a somewhat complex legal question:—"By a convulsion of the earth, not uncommon in the West Indies, a large quantity of land slid with a gradual motion to a considerable distance from its original site, the trees, huts of the negroes, &c., remaining perfectly undisturbed. The owner of the soil which this tract now covers has laid claim to it as his property; whilst the original proprietor asserts his right on this strong plea: 'That he is certainly authorised to pursue and occupy his ground wherever he can catch it.'"

Probably some Freemason may feel interested in this advertisement, which notifies that the Lodge of Antiquity is removed to the Crown and Anchor tavern, Strand:—"As many brethren may not have examined the records of the fraternity,

it is necessary to acquaint them that this is the oldest-established lodge in England, over which Sir Christopher Wren presided in person eighteen years, during the building of St. Paul's Cathedral; and that it has continued regularly to meet since that time, under the patronage of several noble and eminent characters. This lodge originally met at the Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul's-churchyard, and was one of four lodges which in the year 1717 gave rise to the present Grand Lodge in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields."

The same newspaper has an advertisement of the Westminster Forum, Spring-gardens, Charing-cross, Nov. 19:—"This evening will be debated the following question—viz., 'Would it not reflect honour on Mr. Pitt to impose an additional tax upon every bachelor above the age of forty, and apply the produce thereof as marriage portions to poor young maidens?' The above question was conveyed to the managers of this society in a letter, signed by a considerable number of married men, stating that old bachelors do not sustain an equal share with them of the burthen of the State, &c." It may not be generally known that a tax was so imposed, for on April 22, 1695, William III. gave his assent to an Act intitled "An Act for granting his Majesty certain rates and duties upon Marriages, Births, and Burials, and upon Batchelors and Widowers for the term of five years, for carrying on the war with vigour." By this Act—

Bachelors above twenty-five years old paid yearly	0 1 0
Widowers	0 1 0
A Duke, being Bachelor or Widower	12 10 0
A Marquis	10 0 0

By the Act 8 and 9, William III.—"For making good the deficiencies of several funds therein mentioned," these taxes were kept on, and were to be paid until Aug. 1, 1706.

With the cold, dark nights, and the fact that everyone had returned to town, the theatres were filled. They began early,



both Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden opening their doors at 5.15 p.m., and the performances commenced at 6.15 p.m. There were very few theatres then, the audiences were extremely critical, and owing to both causes, the generality of actors were better than now. This specially applies to actresses, and Drury-Lane, perhaps, could claim superiority in this respect over her rival. She could boast of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren (afterwards Countess of Derby), Mrs. Crouch, a sweet songstress, Mrs. Brereton, and Miss Pope; whilst Covent-Garden had Mrs. Abington, Miss Brunton, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Martyr, and Mrs. Wells.

Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan were in the height of their popularity, the former making her last appearance on the London stage on June 9, 1819; and the latter at the end of the season 1813-14. How they affected their audiences we can judge from these two illustrations, taken from etchings by S. Boyne, where the audience assembled for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons are all lachrymose, whilst that gathered for Mrs. Jordan's benefit are laughing heartily. In November,



1787, Mrs. Siddons played the following parts:—Nov. 3, Lady Macbeth; 6th and 16th, Rosalind; 20th, Matilda, in "The Carmelite"; and on the 24th, Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice."

In the same month Mrs. Jordan played on the 2nd, 22nd, and 28th, Julietta, in "The Pilgrim" (with a song); on the 3rd, 7th, 12th, and 19th, as Roxalana, in "The Sultan" (with a dance); on the 8th, in "The Country Girl." On the 8th, 17th, 22nd, 28th, and 29th, Matilda, in "Richard Cœur-de-Lion." On the 14th, Miss Prue, in "Love for Love"; and on the 20th, Miss Lucy, in "The Virgin Unmask'd." Besides the theatres, there were other amusements—the Royal Waxwork Cabinet, Spring-gardens, where were exhibited all the Royal family, the Countess De la Motte, &c. Merlin's Mechanical Exhibition,

Princes-street, Hanover-square, and in the Haymarket a learned and sagacious goose, which told the day of the month and the month of the year, the value of any piece of money, whether English or foreign, distinguished all sorts of colours, and told the number of the company, &c. Then, too, Lee Lewes lectured on "Heads," at the Royalty Theatre, and Signor Gallini announced, in truly orthodox style, the advent of his Italian Opera (which would open on Dec. 4), with the composers, vocalists, and instrumentalists engaged, so that there was amusement for all.

I mention another case of sleeping for a lengthened period in order to show that it is not uncommon. This is recorded as a case in Guy's Hospital of a woman who slept there for three weeks and five days, taking scarcely any nourishment.

On Nov. 27, the King went in State to open the fifth Session of the sixteenth Parliament of Great Britain. He was dressed, as he went to the House, in olive-green (or as one newspaper described, as Paris-mud colour) and gold, and returned clothed in scarlet. The Duke of York was, on this occasion, introduced into the House of Lords, and took his seat. He was preceded by Black Rod, a Herald carrying his coronet, Garter King-at-Arms, and the Duke of Chandos. On either side of him walked the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, and Sir Peter Burrell, as Lord High Chamberlain, whilst the Duke of Richmond brought up the rear. J. A.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"A World Between"—song, by F. H. Cowen—has much tender sentiment, the vocal melody being suave and expressive. The alternation of the minor and major modes, and a change of tempo at the close, give an agreeable effect of contrast and variety. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers, as also of "The Quaker," a characteristic song by Stephen Adams, in which there is much quaint humour. The changes from the formal melody in common time to a lively waltz measure are very effective. Another pleasing song, from the same publishers, is "Oh, wilt thou have my hand, dear?"—a setting, by Cécile Hartog, of sentimental lines by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A smooth and flowing melody is well set off by an accompaniment consisting largely of arpeggio passages.

From Messrs. Metzler and Co. we have a valuable collection of daily exercises for mezzo-soprano, soprano, or tenor voice, by Albert B. Bach, whose name is well known in connection with the vocal art, especially by his lectures thereon, to which the work now referred to forms a practical supplement. The studies here collected are ranged under fifty-two different headings, and include all varieties of passages, progressing from those of comparative simplicity to elaborate difficulties. The practical portion of the work is preceded by some valuable didactic matter. The recent publications of Messrs. Metzler and Co. include some pleasing drawing-room songs, among which are the following: "Hampton Courtship," a quaint setting by F. Cellier of some piquant lines by Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman; "The Story of Years," in which there is much quaint humour. The changes from the formal melody in common time to a lively waltz measure are very effective harmonic changes; and "The Spring Legend," a tuneful ballad from the comic opera "Dr. D.", written and composed by Cotsford Dick. Messrs. Metzler and Co. also issue "The American Organ Journal," edited by Mr. J. M. Coward. No. 13 contains some effective arrangements of pieces by composers of the past and present English school, and by French masters.

"Sylvan Echoes" consist of five duets for female voices, written by Edward Oxenford and composed by Oliver King. The lines are graceful in style and sentiment, and especially suited for musical setting, as might be expected from an author who has written so much for that purpose. Mr. King's music is full of flowing melody, and is well written for the display of the voices in combination and alternation. Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson are the publishers.

Messrs. Ricordi's recent publications include some songs that are likely to be in request. "At the Convent Gate," by F. P. Tosti, expresses well the serious sentiment of the words, in simple strains the pervading sadness of which is relieved by transitions from the minor to the major mode. "Five Popular English Songs," by the same composer, have—if we mistake not—previously attracted favourable notice in their separate issue. They furnish good proofs that Signor Tosti can set English words as effectively as his native Italian. "Angel Land," "The Old Windmill," and "Lovers Still," are songs by Ciro Pinsuti, each of which is written with that knowledge of vocal effect, obtained from simple means, which has rendered the composer so successful as a song-producer. "I do but dream," by L. Caracciolo, is a good specimen of the sentimental style, well written for the voice, and requiring expressive rather than executive powers. Other songs that may be commended, for their attractive melody, to drawing-room vocalists, are "Song and Sunlight," "The Lighthouse Pier," and "Love Will Live," by J. L. Roeckel. These are also from Messrs. Ricordi, as is a pianoforte fantasia by Mr. W. Kuhe on subjects from Verdi's new opera, "Otello"; prominent themes from which are treated with florid surroundings free from excessive difficulty. The same publishers also issue an interesting series of organ pieces by Italian composers, edited by Mr. W. T. Best, the eminent English organist.

"Somebody's Sweetheart" is the title of a waltz by Popsie Rowe—published by Francis Brothers and Day. An introduction, containing some good florid passages, leads to a series of three movements in waltz tempo, in which tuneful themes are sustained with much spirit in true dance style.

"The Professional Pocket-Book" (Rudall, Carte, and Co.)—This is a very useful combination of almanack with diary for the entry of daily and hourly engagements, for the year 1888, arranged according to the plan of the late Sir Julius Benedict, by whom former issues of the work were edited. Much of the usual pocket-book information is combined with the other features, and the diary gives the dates of most of the important musical events of the coming year. The book will prove useful to musicians, both amateur and professional.

Mr. E. D. Shaw, M.A., Oriel College, the well-known Oxford cricketer, has been appointed Head-Master of the Bishop's Stortford Grammar School.

Miss Mary E. Ewart, lady president of the Belfast Hospital for Sick Children, has issued an appeal for assistance towards the erection of a convalescent home in connection with that institution. She points out that during the fourteen years' existence of the hospital, between 4000 and 5000 patients have been received within its walls, while 100,000 cases have been treated at the dispensary. The amount required to build and endow the proposed home is £3400, of which £2400 has already been subscribed. Friends in England who desire to aid in the completion of this work may send their contributions to Miss Ewart; or Mr. R. S. Craig, of the Bank of Ireland, Belfast. By command of her Majesty the new home will be named "The Queen Victoria Convalescent Home."